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NEW TALES.

FROM

THE FRENCH

OF

M. FLORIAN.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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He from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the paſſions on the ſide of truth;
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.

POPE.

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M,DCC,XCII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SEYMOUR;

AN

ENGLISH TALE.

THE Engliſh are a reſpectable and charming nation: the vaſt weight they have always had in the balance of Europe; what they have always accompliſhed in the arts of politics and war; and their profound diſcoveries in the ſciences, would have aſſured them ſufficient glory, if they had not added to this what is ſtill more important, that of firſt poſſeſſing among all modern people, the two bleſſings moſt eſſential to the happineſs of man, philoſophers and laws. Theſe the Engliſh, which they might

eaſily have done, have never abuſed; and they have had the ſuperior wiſdom not to wiſh to obtain perfection at once, which muſt certainly be the fruit of experience alone. They have preſumed that reaſon, perhaps virtue, but unqueſtionably happineſs, was but proportioned to us; and to ſecure that greateſt bleſſing which man can enjoy, LIBERTY, they have mixed this immortal name with the ſublime idea of obedience to the laws, with reverence to thoſe dignities which the laws eſtabliſh, and with a kind of religious awe, never to offend againſt the laws; hence eaſily is derived that invincible proof of liberty, that principle which generates the happineſs of a people, PUBLIC SPIRIT. It is by this alone, that the inhabitants of the two iſlands, very much inferior to France, have often ſeen themſelves the arbiters, or the terror of ſovereigns, and the

mediators

mediators of Europe. That their fleets, miſtreſſes of the ocean, have penetrated both the Indies, ſpreading terror, and ſearching riches; and that their happy country, amidſt foreign invaſions and domeſtic factions, enjoys profound peace, and the fine arts; poſſeſſes the riches of the world, and ſees arriving in its harbours the produce of all the univerſe.

Upon this, doubtleſs, is founded that ſuperior opinion of themſelves, that eſteem excluſive of other nations with which the Engliſh are oftentimes reproached, they know their own juſt value, and of this make no myſtery to any one; they do not trouble themſelves about merit, or the good qualities appropriate to every nation: this inſenſibility gives their virtues an air of inſolence, which diminiſhes their effect; finally, they are indifferent to approbation, or eſteem from others; and the

only means of ſeeming amiable to them, is to allow them all their claims.

I HAVE nevertheleſs known an Engliſhman, who, to avoid this fault, had fallen into the contrary extreme. He not only annexed a very high value to the opinion and eſteem of others, but this eſteem he made in a peculiar manner neceſſary to his heart. With him it was not ſufficient to act well, but his actions muſt be approved: his object, his wiſh his rule of conduct, was that none of his actions might be blamed by any one: he went farther; he was anxious that they ſhould obtain applauſe: in ſhort, he aſpired at pleaſing every body; and this ambition placed his happineſs at the mercy of every human being.

THIS young man, the laſt branch of an illuſtrious family in the county of Middleſex, was born almoſt without fortune, but nature had taken care to make him

him compenſation for the injury. To every advantage of perſon, he united an elevated mind, an enchanting diſpoſition, and a character the ſweeteſt poſſible; theſe qualities were alike increaſed by the more valuable qualities of wiſdom: he had loſt both father and mother at the age of ten years. Educated by the care of a rich couſin, who made it a duty to protect our young orphan, Sir Edward Seymour completed his ſtudies with reputation, procuring by his friend's influence an appointment in a regiment of horſe.

On his firſt entrance into the world, having in mind that he was without fortune, without family, with no ſupport but that of his patron, who was not bound to forgive his indiſcretions, Seymour was determined that his conduct ſhould be ſpotleſs; and he kept his engagement with himſelf. In ſpite of his extreme youth, in ſpite of the dan-

gerous examples by which he was continually ſurrounded, never did any error miſlead him from his duty. Occupied by his duties alone, and the application neceſſary to fulfil them, he arrived rapidly at the higheſt rank, with no other protectors than his ſervice, his valour, and his talents; and, far from being intoxicated with the encomiums which his very enemies were compelled to paſs upon him, he would ſay to them, 'I owe my 'ſucceſs only to my inability to make 'proper compenſation for my faults.'

THE principal fault of Sir Edward, was that I have already mentioned, which made him attach ſo high a value to the opinion of others reſpecting himſelf—a foible excuſable without doubt, ſince it could not but be the occaſion of many virtues. But whether it was modeſty or pride, which qualities are often alike, the teſtimony of his conſcience was

was not enough; a calumny, a mere inſinuation, ſuffered to eſcape, againſt his integrity, or his manners, would have rendered him the moſt wretched of men. And as, notwithſtanding the envy he had excited, no one had dared to whiſper any thing againſt his reputation; as he ſaw himſelf treated with the reſpect which in reality he deſerved, Sir Edward had convinced himſelf that genuine virtue commanded fame; that the public voice, often rigorous, was invariably juſt; that what it eſteems, muſt neceſſarily have merit; and that what it blaſts by its contempt, muſt in reality be deſpicable.

SEYMOUR, in the winters which he ſpent in London, avoided the gay world, and the livelieſt amuſements, to ſpend his time with his patron, with a few friends, or in the company of a young widow, whoſe name was Eliza Hartley, to whom he

had once the opportunity of rendering ſome ſlight obligation: this widow, whom her beauty, her wit, and a thouſand engaging qualities, made an object of univerſal attention, had much diſtinguiſhed Sir Edward, and had diſcovered in him the qualities moſt dear to her heart. She delighted to have his company, diſtinguiſhed him by a friendſhip which had every day more of confidence, and became ſenſible without any alarm of the tender, but profound impreſſion which ſhe had long made upon the timid Seymour: his only thought was how to conceal his feelings. He adored Mrs. Hartley; he had every reaſon to preſume that he was far from being an object of averſion; but the lady poſſeſſed three thouſand pounds a year: what was to become of Seymour, ſhould the public voice accuſe him of paying his court to a rich widow,

and

and ſay, that he permitted theſe riches to have ſome influence upon his paſſion!

Mrs. Hartley was engaged in a law ſuit which involved a great part of her fortune. Sir Edward waited the deciſion to withdraw himſelf for ever from her ſight, if ſhe ſhould prove ſucceſsful, and to declare himſelf her lover if ſhe ſhould loſe it. Fortunately her ſuit was loſt—Seymour avowed his feelings without heſitation; he diſcovered the ſecret of his boſom; he told the lady what ſhe knew before, as well as he did; and the lovely widow, ſenſible of his delicate behaviour, repayed him by a ſilent, but ſweet, acceptance of his vows.

The two lovers aſſured of each other's affection, and conſoled for their mediocrity of fortune, by that perfect happineſs which mutual love communicates, had only to fix the day of their marriage. Both at liberty, they had no obſtacle to dread.

dread. Seymour only desired to acquaint his cousin, Mr. Mickle, with the affair, the ancient benefactor with whom he resided in London, and who, without any diminution, had from time to time distinguished him with a father's affection. Mrs. Hartley was dependant upon no one; but friendship, deference, and a kind of respect which she had always preserved for an old gentleman of the name of Fyler, the eldest brother of her first husband, made her consider it as a kind of duty to consult him in her change of condition.

This Mr. Fyler was a very extraordinary character, and precisely the opposite of that of Seymour. As much as the young man respected and feared the opinion of others, so much did old Mr. Fyler despise every opinion but his own. Whatever he had once thought, or once said, was to him a demonstrated truth, a principle

principle and ſacred law, to which it, to him, ſeemed aſtoniſhing that any man ſhould ſcruple to ſubmit. If chance had made him King of England, he would have believed himſelf in reality King of France alſo, only becauſe in his firſt proclamation he had aſſumed this title. He, without the ſmalleſt diſquietude, acknowledged that, in the whole period of his life, he was never deceived, nor had he ever changed his opinion on any ſubject; and for the ſpace of ſeven years he might ſay this with truth. In other reſpects of the moſt rigid honour, ſeverely honeſt and irreproachable, a good relation, a faithful friend, but an eternal diſputer. His principal manner of proving what he ſaid, was to talk inceſſantly, and as he had excellent lungs, they whom he wiſhed to perſuade, deſpairing either of pleaſing him, or of obtaining a hearing, left him without ſaying a word.

Mr.

Mr. Fyler never doubted but that he had convinced his hearers, and conceived himſelf to be one of the ſubtleſt logicians in Europe. In his youth he had been married, and behaved with invariable fidelity to his wife; but he was determined to teach her logic, and the poor lady compelled to liſten to her huſband, was long before ſhe died afflicted with deafneſs. She had left an only ſon, who was purſuing his ſtudies at Oxford. His father did not wiſh him to take up his reſidence in London before the age of thirty-one, when he was determined that he ſhould become a profound proficient in logic. In the mean time, the only perſon whom he ſaw in London was his ſiſter-in-law, who, doing juſtice to his many amiable qualities, never contradicting, and always conſulting him, paſſed with him for one of the moſt ſenſible women in England.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hartley ſpoke to him of her partiality for Seymour, and the deſign which ſhe had to unite herſelf with him for life. Mr. Fyler approved of the marriage. 'I have long,' ſays he, 'eſteemed and loved that Sir Edward; 'he is a man of honour and of merit; 'but he wants character, although he 'ſtrives even to exceſs to pleaſe: and 'that he ſo cultivates what the world 'calls *amiability*, as to want that pro-'found indifference, and that noble 'diſdain, which diſtinguiſhes ſuperior 'minds. That I hope will come when 'he and I ſhall have lived a little to-'gether; he has good ſeeds, which is 'enough; and if he liſtens to my ad-'vice, I will anſwer for it he ſhall obtain 'univerſal approbation.'

The young widow ſmiled, and the marriage was ſuſpended. Seymour, at the height of his wiſhes, wrote inſtantly

to

to his couſin Mickle, who, for ſix weeks, had been in the country ſixty miles from London. The day after his letter was gone, an expreſs brought him the unexpected news of the ſudden death of Mr. Mickle. An attack of the apoplexy had taken him off in two days. His relations immediately aſſembled on the ſpot, anxious to know to whom he had left the inheritance of his vaſt eſtates. They had haſtily opened the will of the deceaſed, and the avaricious relations were ready to expire with grief on finding that Mr. Mickle had left his couſin, Sir Edward Seymour, heir to every thing.

To his will he had annexed a private letter carefully ſealed, which he had directed to be delivered into Seymour's hands. The lawyer, who was preſent at the opening of the will, had inſtantly, along with a copy of it, diſpatched this

letter

letter to Sir Edward: the relations had departed more ſorrowfully than they came, and the funeral of Mr. Mickle was attended by his domeſtics alone.

Sir Edward, alike aſtoniſhed and afflicted, ſhed ſome unaffected tears to the memory of his benefactor. He owed him every thing; he loved him tenderly; and the opulence he was about to enjoy, did not conſole him for his loſs. Alarmed at the myſtery which appeared to be involved in this private letter, he would not open it but in the preſence of Mrs. Hartley and Mr. Fyler. He inſtantly made haſte to be in private with them; with tears informed them of what had happened, but ſaid very little of the wealth which he now poſſeſſed; and, demanding ſecreſy with reſpect to the letter he was now going to peruſe, he broke the ſeal, and the contents were as follows:—

'My

'*My dear Edward,*

'I SHALL not now repeat what 'from your infancy I have done for 'you; your heart has repaid me all. 'You have honoured me, my friend, in 'giving me the pleaſing right to conſi-'der you as my ſon, and it becomes me 'to return you thanks for conſenting in 'ſome degree to aſſociate me to your 'virtues.

'I LEAVE you all my fortune: I deſ-'tined it for you from the firſt moment 'of my knowing you; it is perſonally 'for you alone. It amounts to ten 'thouſand pounds a year—I have taken 'every precaution that no one may diſ-'pute it with you. As it was acquired 'by my labour, I conceive myſelf enti-'tled to diſpoſe of it as I think proper.

'If

'If your extreme delicacy ſhould induce
'you to refuſe to be my heir, and to
'reſign it to my family in any of its
'branches, I here declare you will ma-
'niſeſtly oppoſe and contradict my
'wiſhes.

'My will gives you all my property
'without reſerve. This letter, my
'friend, which dictates no command to
'you, ſhall contain but one requeſt.

'I am the father of a maiden, who is
'eighteen years of age, and whom I have
'carefully educated. She deſerves my
'tenderneſs. She is lovely, diſcreet,
'and handſome, and cannot but make a
'huſband happy. Her mother, whom
'I long loved, taught me, which I be-
'lieved to be impoſſible, to feel extreme
'paſſion, without any eſteem for the
'object of it. Heaven preſerve you,
'my dear Edward, from theſe fatal paſ-
'ſions! They often excruciate, and

'always debaſe; their happieſt moments
'are thoſe when they only cauſe us
'to bluſh. Inſurmountable obſtacles,
'partly occaſioned by the violent cha-
'racter of the mother, prevented me
'from marrying her. Her name is
'Fortescue. Her daughter Amelia paſſes
'as her niece, and lives with her at
'Oxford, on a ſmall eſtate, the only one
'of my numerous preſents which her
'folly has not made away with. I im-
'plore you as my friend, and as my
'adopted ſon, to repair my injury to
'my child, and to render her a rank and
'a name which I could not give her, and
'to acquit my debt to her, by making
'her your wife. I repeat, my dear Ed-
'ward, that this is a requeſt only, not a
'command; it has no condition an-
'nexed to it, nor has it any thing to do
'with the fortune which I leave you.
'It is a favour, which I implore of you as
'a friend,

'a friend, as a ſon, from whoſe affection,
'I expect it. This hope, which I carry
'to my tomb, ſooths my laſt moments,
'and, if it be poſſible, renders ſtill more
'lively the tenderneſs with which you
'have always inſpired

'Your faithful couſin and friend,

'GEORGE MICKLE.'

SEYMOUR, after reading this letter, ſpeechleſs, and without motion, fixed his eyes full of ſorrow on the countenance of his miſtreſs; ſhe hung down her head without ſaying a word. Mr. Fyler attentively contemplated Seymour; all three kept a profound ſilence, which Mr. Fyler firſt broke. 'What will 'you do?' ſaid he to the youth; 'I 'fear that you are in doubt?'—'No,' anſwered Sir Edward; 'I am afflicted, 'but my determination is fixed. What-'ever claims my patron might have

'over me before he preſented me with
'his fortune, he certrinly had no right
'to diſpoſe of my heart, to make me
'violate my vows, and to make me
'wretched for ever; this is a truth that
'no one on earth will venture to diſ-
'pute; I haſten therefore to place my-
'ſelf preciſely in the ſituation I was in
'before his death; I haſten to renounce
'his fortunes, to return to my poverty,
'and retain my liberty; and I do not
'think I ſacrifice too much, to become
'the huſband of the only woman I am
'able to love.' A look from his miſ-
treſs was her only reply. But Mr.
Fyler, with a frown, exclaimed, 'What
'do you ſay! You have not attended to
'the letter you have juſt been reading.
'It forbids you in formal terms to re-
'nounce the ſucceſſion, and explain the
'motives of ſuch prohibition. Will
'you thus preſume to diſregard the
'manifeſt

'manifeſt intentions of your friend. 'It was his wiſh that you ſhould marry 'his daughter, and he has made you 'his heir, not on that condition, for I 'make a diſtinction: in that caſe you 'would be perfectly at liberty to accept 'or refuſe. But he has begun by leaving 'you his fortunes, and forbidding you 'to refuſe them. He next requeſts a fa-'vour from you, which, in honour and 'gratitude, you cannot conſiſtently re-'fuſe, though nothing upon earth can 'conſtrain you to grant it. His wiſh 'was to diſpenſe with an obligation 'which impoſes a law, to impoſe upon 'you one more powerful than all laws— 'that of your conſcience . . . .

'But my conſcience was already 'engaged,' replies Seymour mildly, 'and nothing could——' 'Do not 'interrupt me, Sir,' continued Mr. 'Fyler in a louder tone, 'and conſider

'the queſtion only where the dilemma
'exiſts. If your benefactor was yet
'alive, and you went to him and told
'him that you would not marry his
'daughter, it is doubtful, I ſhall pre-
'ſume, whether Mr. Mickle might
'not change his determination, and be-
'ſtow his property on one who would
'comply with his wiſhes. At preſent,
'he is dead—here no alteration can be
'made. You have no longer the
'power to chuſe; you muſt acquieſce
'in his will and his pleaſure, which now
'are become commands; and remember,
'Sir, that honour and duty conſider
'the diſappointments of love as com-
'paratively of no moment'—'That may
'be,' anſwered Sir Edward, with ſome
emotion, 'but I might have ſuppoſed
'that friendſhip might have conſidered
'them of ſome weight, and expreſſed
'itſelf with leſs abruptneſs.'—'Oh,

'Sir

'Sir! returned Mr. Fyler, 'honeſty 'and truth diſdain all embelliſhments 'of ſtyle; and all who differ in opi- 'nion or converſation from myſelf, 'muſt be weak and contemptible in- 'deed.'—'But you will ſuffer me to 'believe,' ſaid the other, 'in ſpite of my 'deference, for your talents or your 'merit, that there are in the world 'men as virtuous and as wiſe as your- 'ſelf. Theſe, Sir, I ſhall conſult, and 'if they ſhall all be of your opinion, I 'ſhall ſeek a deliverance from them in 'the grave!' Saying this, he abruptly retired, without liſtening to Mr. Fyler, who cried after him, 'Your death, Sir, 'will prove nothing at all; it is often 'eaſier to die than to do our duty, as I 'have known a thouſand times. Sey- 'mour however was gone, nor heard 'his antagoniſt's fine quotations from 'Cicero's Offices.'

SIR EDWARD, too much agitated to be very diſcreet, went and conſulted his friends, diſcloſing his ſecret without reſerve. Each gave him different advice; ſome recommended him to divide the effects amongſt the relations of the deceaſed, reſerving to himſelf a part, and that he ſhould then marry his miſtreſs. Others that he ſhould reſign the whole to the daughter of his benefactor. A ſmall number of the more rigorous thought with Mr. Fyler. Many affirmed that his prior engagement to Mrs. Hartley abſolved him from that impoſed by his relation, and recommended to him to marry his miſtreſs, and retain his fortune. All ſaw the affair in a different point of view; and the unfortunante Sir Edward, who all his life had been free from any imputation of blame, began to deſpair of bringing this matter to a right concluſion.

More agitated and unhappy than ever, he haſtened to Mrs. Hartley to entreat of her what he was to do, determining to ſacrifice every other opinion to hers. He found her alone and in tears. Seymour, on his knees before her, called heaven to witneſs, that nothing ſhould induce him to violate his engagements! And ſupplicated her to give him directions for his conduct, with which he promiſed to comply unequivocally, unleſs ſhe ſhould inſiſt with his marrying Amelia. The tender widow for a long time reſiſted; ſhe was too greatly intereſted in the part Sir Edward had to act, to have any right to give an opinion. But at length the delicacy of forms giving way to the tenderneſs of love, ſhe reſolved to ſee the matter as one in which ſhe herſelf had no concern; and, after reviewing the different

ferent opinions ſhe had heard, ſhe delivered herſelf thus:

'I CANNOT ſee that with the ſtricteſt 'propriety your are obliged to do more 'for your benefactor, who is dead, than 'you would have done had he been 'alive. What was his intention? It 'appears to me that he had two. One 'was to leave his fortune to the two 'whom moſt he loved. To his daugh-'ter, and to you, whom he regarded as 'his ſon; to you whom he aſſures he 'intended for his heir from the firſt 'moment of his knowing you; his 'other intention was to join his daugh-'ter to a deſerving huſband, who 'might love her, make her happy, 'give her rank, and ſecure to her the 'wealth which he did not chuſe to 'truſt with her mother; fearing, as he 'has given us to underſtand, that ſhe

'would

would waſte it. In doing what Mr. Mickle deſired, you cannot poſſibly fail in reſpect to his memory. Divide with his daughter as a brother with a ſiſter. Here the firſt point is accompliſhed; endeavour in the next place to provide for her a huſband who may have as nearly as poſſible thoſe qualities which Mr. Mickle admired in you. I, of all perſons, muſt believe this will be difficult enough; but Amelia, who does not know you, may have eyes very different from mine. Till that period, keep in your hands the portion you intend for Amelia, and beſtow it as a prudent guardian, who muſt give an account to his ward. It ſeems to me that had your couſin lived, this is what he would have done, and no one can require you to do more for Amelia than her father would himſelf have wiſhed.'

Good reaſoning from the lips of thoſe we love makes double the impreſſion. Sir Edward, convinced by what he had heard, was impatient to follow an advice which ſeemed to remove every difficulty, and haſtened the next morning to inform Mrs. Forteſcue of his generous purpoſe. 'The mother 'and daughter,' he obſerved to himſelf as he travelled, 'will doubtleſs be as 'happy as poſſible. They little expect 'the immenſe preſent I am about to 'make them. To Mrs. Forteſcue I 'ſhall ſecure an ample penſion for her 'ſupport, and Amelia, the intereſting 'Amelia! with five thouſand pounds a 'year, cannot long be in want of a huſ-'band—I ſhall leave her miſtreſs of her 'choice—I ſhall make two perſons 'happy—I ſhall be ſo myſelf; and I 'ſhould preſume that none can cenſure 'my conduct, when they ſhall ſee thoſe

'who

who are moſt intereſted reſpect and bleſs me. Deareſt Eliza, it was your good ſenſe and ſuperior wiſdom which have reſcued me from the diſtreſs in which I found myſelf. How delightful is it for your lover to enjoy no happineſs but what he owes to you!'

SEYMOUR ſoon arrived at the manſion of Mrs. Forteſcue: the houſe made no great appearance, and the offices were in condition bad enough. A ſervant, ſhabbily dreſſed, came to the gate to inquire who he was, and what he wanted. Seymour, ſomewhat embarraſſed, deſired him to tell his miſtreſs 'that the couſin of Mr. Mickle, whoſe ſudden death ſhe muſt have known, was come to wait upon her.' The ſervant ſaying, 'ſhe knew this well enough,' introduced him into a lower room, where a young and lovely woman

man was attentively reading a letter which on the arrival of Seymour, she eagerly concealed in her boſom. Sir Edward made a profound bow the young lady returned his ſalute with much eaſe and grace, deſired him to be ſeated, and left the room on pretence of calling her aunt. Seymour, at this time not doubting but that it was Amelia, did not endeavour to detain her, and Mrs. Forteſcue ſoon entered, but without her niece.

The firſt ſight of Mrs. Forteſcue increaſed the natural timidity of Seymour, and made him forget the address he had prepared to make her. She was a tall and corpulent woman from forty to forty-five years of age but who ſtill retained great appearance of having been very beautiful but who could not ſtill have been an intereſting beauty, nor remarkable graceful

graceful. Her large black eyes, animated and ſparkling, had a certain boldneſs, which rendered it impoſſible to look at her attentively, and her manner, voice, and geſture, inſpired a kind of awe which had little to do with reſpect.

After receiving Seymour with a cold politeneſs, ſhe liſtened with profound ſilence to what he had to ſay. Sir Edward, ſomewhat diſconcerted, explained to her as well as he could, 'that being 'left by Mr. Mickle, the heir of all 'his fortunes, and knowing the tender 'intereſt which his benefactor took 'in Miſs Amelia, he believed he was 'fulfilling a ſacred duty in coming to 'propoſe to Mrs. Forteſcue and her 'niece to divide the inheritance of 'their common friend.' He added, 'that he required no teſtimonies of gra-'titude for his payment of this debt,

'but

'but that his arrangements would not 'allow him to pay the fortune he in-'tended, before the young lady ſhould 'have made choice of a deſerving huſ-'band, in which circumſtance he ex-'pected the honour of being con-'ſulted.'

After finiſhing, not without difficulty, this painful explanation, bluſhing every time he pronounced the name of aunt and niece, whilſt Mrs. Forteſcue never bluſhed at all, Seymour ceaſed ſpeaking, aſtoniſhed at the little impreſſion he appeared to have made. At length the lady ſpoke:

'I cannot imagine, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, with a diſdainful gravity, 'how you, 'who have received from Mr. Mickle 'ſuch ſtriking proofs of his confi-'dence and tenderneſs, can be igno-'rant of the project which occupied him 'all his life, and of which he has ſpoken

'to

'to me a thouſand times. It was you 'whom he intended for my niece; it 'was you whom he had choſen for the 'huſband of Amelia. The laſt day I 'ever ſaw him, he told me at length 'what he intended to do for you, pre-'ſuming entirely on this marriage. 'Suffer me, therefore, before I make 'any reply to your propoſal, to aſk you, 'Sir, whoſe ſincerity cannot be ſuſ-'pected, if you have no knowledge of 'the intention of your benefactor.'

SAYING this ſhe looked ſtedfaſtly upon Seymour, who could not help bluſhing, caſt his eyes upon the ground, and taking from his pocket a copy of the will, preſented it to Mrs. Forteſcue with no very good air, in order to ſatisfy her that no conditions were preſcribed to him. His deteſtation of falſhood would not permit him to make any other reply. But the ſagacious

Mrs. Forteſcue knew how to interpret his bluſhes, and returning him the paper, after ſlightly peruſing it, 'I ſee,' ſaid ſhe with a cold air, 'that my niece has 'no claim either to your fortune or your 'hand; in this caſe you have no buſi- 'neſs to inſult me by your preſents. I 'refuſe it in the name of my niece, cer- 'tain of her approbation; ſhe cannot 'nor ought not to receive any thing 'but from her huſband. If you will 'marry her, your conſcience perhaps 'may not be the leſs diſturbed; if you 'will not, a longer interview to me ap- 'pears unneceſſary.'

Confounded with ſuch expreſſions, Sir Edward had nothing to reply; Mrs. Forteſcue roſe from her ſeat, made him a courteſy, and left him alone.

At this moment Seymour ſaw no other alternative than that of retiring to ſome other place, to meditate on the ſtrange

ſtrange manner in which his propoſals had been received; he got into his carriage and proceeded to Oxford, which was two miles diſtant from this manſion. As ſoon as he arrived at the inn, his firſt care was to write to Mrs. Forteſcue, entreating her to reflect, that being perfectly unknown to her niece, he could neither love nor be loved by her. It was very probable that each of them had made a ſeparate choice, which ſuppoſition muſt of neceſſity render their union unhappy. He repreſented to her, with great politeneſs, that his offer had been entirely voluntary, and he now repeated it, promiſing to return in the courſe of the enſuing day to know her final determination. After ſending this letter, Seymour did not paſs a very eaſy night. 'This woman,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'is 'certainly acquainted with my ſecret; 'if ſhe perſiſts in her refuſal, what will

'ſhe not ſay againſt me; ſhe lives in 'the neighbourhood of Oxford; will 'relate my ſtory, calumny will be very 'buſy, and the young men of England 'who come here to proſecute their 'ſtudies, will conſider me as devoid of 'faith, of honeſty, and gratitude, and 'will ſpread this opinion every where. 'I ſhall be diſhonoured and defamed 'throughout the three kingdoms. I 'ſhall not dare to ſhow myſelf, and ſhall 'die with deſpair; and all this becauſe 'an obſtinate woman will not conde-'ſcend to accept from me five thouſand 'pounds a year.'

He paſſed the following day in ſimilar reflections, and impatiently waited for the evening, according to the purport of his letter, imagining that the more time he left Mrs. Forteſcue, the greater probability there would be of her altering her opinion. At the decline of day he

he got into his carriage; and, wiſhing to go there more privately than before, he ſtopped his horſes at ſome diſtance from the houſe; then getting out, he proceeded alone towards the manſion again, meditating what he was to ſay. As he paſſed by an arbour belonging to the houſe, Sir Edward heard a perſon ſinging, whom, by the voice, he knew to be a female. The accents of this voice were ſo ſweet and ſo plaintive, and ſo obviouſly proved that the perſon who ſang was alike ſuſceptible and unhappy; that Seymour could not refrain from ſtanding ſtill to liſten to the ſtrain. It was the popular, but impreſſive, ſong of 'Auld Robin Gray.'

At the concluſion of the laſt ſtanza, Sir Edward, advancing amongſt the trees, found himſelf by the ſide of the perſon who was ſinging, in whom he immediately recognized Amelia; ſhe was alone

with her handkerchief in her hand, ſitting on the turf at the foot of an old beech tree, whoſe wide ſpreading foliage increaſed the deep gloom of the ſhade. Terrified at ſeeing a man, Amelia roſe with precipitation without looking at him, ſhe exclaimed with a ſigh, 'Is it thus, Charles, that you obey 'me! twice have I written to you this 'morning, entreating you not to come 'here; I have given you a faithful ac-'count of the violent treatment of my 'aunt, whoſe determined reſolution it 'is to marry me to the odious heir of 'Mr. Mickle, who, at this moment, 'is with her. I again, Charles, ſolemn-'ly vow to you, that I will rather die 'than violate the promiſe I have made 'you; but I inſiſt upon your return-'ing inſtantly to Oxford, and that 'you come here no more till this fatal 'marriage ſhall be finally broken off.

'Until

'Until this Seymour ſhall have left us, 'who doubtleſs will be diſguſted with 'me, from the diſdain and diſlike which 'marks my behaviour.'

SAYING this, Amelia approached nearer Sir Edward, who liſtened without interrupting her; when, turning her eyes to meet his, ſhe ſaw her miſtake, uttered a loud ſcream, and vaniſhed from his ſight.

SEYMOUR did not attempt to follow her; more ſurpriſed than afflicted at what had happened, he doubted whether he ſhould now ſeek an interview with Mrs. Forteſcue. The fear of again ſeeing Amelia, of diſtreſſing her by his preſence, and of being the occaſion probably of a diſagreeable ſcene; and above all, the extreme reluctance which he felt to enter into any argument with this pretended aunt, determined him to return immediately to Oxford, from

which place he wrote to Mrs. Forteſcue, that an unforeſeen incident had called him to London. He made many excuſes for failing in his engagement to ſee her; but that indeed he had nothing to ſay, but to repeat what he had already offered, and that with a fixed determination not to alter his purpoſe, he expected her anſwer. More at eaſe after this, he made haſte that very evening to pay his reſpects to Mrs. Hartley.

INDEED, he wanted very much to ſee her—independant of the ſolicitude of abſence, always ſo vexatious to a lover, Sir Edward had many things to communicate to her confidence. With a feeling heart and much timidity of character one is more ſenſible of the delight and happineſs of being beloved. Souls which are of greater energy want no other ſupport, they are always employed in thought or action, whilſt thoſe of greater

greater ſenſibility are wretched when away from thoſe they love; near this object, they are adequate to any effort, but alone, they are weak and helpleſs. They reſemble the ivy, which, unſupported, falls and withers in the duſt; but, which attaching itſelf to the oak, ſhoots up and becomes vigorous along with it. The amiable widow approved the conduct of Sir Edward, and recommended him patiently to wait Mrs. Forteſcue's anſwer. The praiſes he received from his miſtreſs, and the tender proteſtations ſhe repeated, calmed the anxieties which ſtill diſtreſſed Sir Edward. He ſpent a long day with Mrs. Hartley, and only left her in the evening to wait upon Mr. Fyler. His intention was to inform him of the reſult of his expedition, of the anecdote of what happened in the arbour, and to inquire of him, if, after all this, he ſtill

perſiſted

perſiſted in his opinion, that Seymour ought to marry the miſtreſs of this Charles, whoever he was. Mr. Fyler was not at home; but Seymour determined to ſee him, ſtrolled to a neighbouring coffee-houſe, and, ſitting down at a table, he liſtened to the contents of a daily paper which a young man was reading aloud.

WHAT were poor Seymour's feelings in being obliged to hear from this paper every particular of his own hiſtory. The journaliſt had been very accurate, and very merry at his expence; he ſpoke of the extreme perplexity in which Sir Edward felt himſelf, as ſoon as he unfortunately found himſelf the heir of an immenſe fortune; of the numerous conſultations he had held with his friends, concerning the manner in which he might beſt extricate himſelf from ſo painful a ſituation; and, laſtly, of his expedition to Oxford, where

he

he had propoſed his caſe of conſcience to the moſt ſagacious profeſſors in the univerſity; and the whole was accompanied with obſervations more or leſs malicious, with provoking perſonalities, that conſtant food of villains and of fools, perfection in which kind of ſatire being as eaſy as it is contemptible.

Sir Edward, when the whole was finiſhed, was ready to expire with vexation. He looked around him with a timid and embarraſſed countenance, trembling leſt there ſhould be any one in the coffee-houſe who knew him. Happy at not recognizing any one, he was preparing to depart, fearing leſt any one ſhould enter, and call him by his name, when ſuddenly he ſaw one of his ſervants enter, conducting a young man, tall and of genteel appearance, who ſeemed greatly agitated. The ſervant pointed to his maſter, and retired.

tired. The young man advanced up to him, and, in a fierce and haughty tone, which attracted the curioſity of all who were preſent, 'Pray, Sir,' ſaid he, 'is 'not your name Seymour?"

At the mention of this name, all thoſe who had heard the ſtory read concerning Sir Edward Seymour roſe in eager curioſity, fixed their eyes upon him, and formed a circle round the place where he was ſitting. Seymour, in great emotion at being thus obſerved, but incapable of concealing his name, replied to the young man, 'That he was ſo 'called.' —— 'Indeed,' replied the ſtranger, 'I am heartily glad to have 'found you; I have followed you from 'Oxford with great impatience to find 'you.' — 'I do not know you, Sir; 'what buſineſs can you poſſibly have 'with me?' — 'That will not take 'much time to explain. Let us retire 'where

'where we ſhall be more at our eaſe 'than here.'—'That is not poſſible,' ſaid Sir Edward, 'the weather will not 'admit, and you may ſee that I have 'no myſtery.'—'Well then, you ſhall 'ſoon know my buſineſs. I have long 'loved a young and charming fair one 'in the neighbourhood of Oxford; her 'aunt wants to marry her to a man 'whom you know, Sir; whom chance, 'not the moſt reputable perhaps, has 'made heir to a large fortune to which 'he had no pretenſions. I do not love 'heirs, Sir Edward; indeed I have a 'kind of invincible diſlike to them; and 'I wiſh to tell why I particulary cannot 'love this heir we are ſpeaking about; 'cannot you poſſibly continue to pro-'cure me an interview with him.'—'Nothing more eaſy, Sir. The heir 'of whom you ſpeak is very fond of '*teté a tetés*, a taſte he has always had;

'and

'and if you will follow me, you ſhall 'be ſatisfied in an inſtant.'—'Not this 'evening, Sir, if you pleaſe; when I 'diſcuſs an affair, I chuſe to have good 'light. To-morrow morning if you 'pleaſe?'—'Whenever you think 'proper, Sir.'—'I thank you, Sir 'Edward, and am moſt happy to have 'found you.'

THEY then ſat down together, agreeing to meet early in the following morning in Hyde Park: after fixing other particulars, they ſeparated, leaving the people preſent, full of anxiety and aſtoniſhment.

THE firſt care of Seymour was to ſeek for a friend, who might accompany him to the rencounter, which was to take place with piſtols, at ſix in the morning. When he had returned home, he was more anxious about what he had heard than the event of the duel. 'Our diſ-

'pute,'

'pute,' ſays he, 'was in public; all the 'world will know that I am going to 'fight for a young perſon near Oxford. 'It may be reputed that I am faithleſs 'to the woman I love, and every gene-'rous boſom will be exaſperated againſt 'me. What may not Mrs. Hartley 'herſelf imagine. If I am killed, ſhe 'will think that I do not merit her 'regret; if I kill my opponent, I muſt 'fly, never ſee her more, and renounce 'her affections, which will be incenſed 'againſt me. It is aſtoniſhing! that 'having done nothing that the moſt ri-'gorous morals, or the moſt delicate 'paſſion, can juſtly cenſure, I ſee myſelf 'on the point of loſing my miſtreſs, my 'life, and the eſteem of the world. 'I muſt write to Mrs. Hartley. If I 'fall, this letter will explain my con-'duct; if I be conqueror, it may per-'haps induce her to forgive me.'

Immediately

Immediately Sir Edward ſat down to write; but he had hardly begun when he heard a noiſe in his anti-room, and recognized the voice of Mr. Fyler, who inſiſted upon entering. Seymour ran to him; as ſoon as Mr. Fyler ſaw him, he darted into his arms with an air of terror. 'Ah, my friend!' he exclaimed, 'upon 'you depends my life. I hear that to-'morrow——' 'Speak lower,' ſaid Seymour, interrupting him and forcing him into his apartment. 'What con-'cern can it be of yours.'—'Of mine!' returned Mr. Fyler haſtily, 'I am the 'moſt wretched of men!'—'Anſwer 'me inſtantly—Is it true that this even-'ing in a coffee-houſe——?' 'Yes, it is 'but too true. A fool, a blockhead 'whom I know not, followed me from 'Oxford, and has ſought a quarrel with 'me. He calls himſelf the lover of 'Amelia, the daughter of Mrs. For-

'teſcue,

'teſcue, whom you inſiſted upon my
'marrying. Indeed I had no intention of
'diſputing his miſtreſs with him. I am
'certain that he is beloved by her.
'But his provocation, his inſolence, have
'been ſo public—there is no remedy—
'and I hope to-morrow morning to
'chaſtiſe this coxcomb.'—'Chaſtiſe!
'you mean kill him! Know you who
'he is?—I have to tell you, that this
'lover of Amelia is my ſon, my unfor-
'tunate ſon, the nephew of Mrs. Hart-
'ley, the only child of your old friend;
'and do you hope to-morrow to kill
'him! Sir Edward, I think ſo well of
'you as to believe it unneceſſary for me
'to tell you, that here is no queſtion
'concerning that wretched point of
'honour—the remains of the ferocity
'of our anceſtors. Your valour has
'been proved, and cannot be ſuſpected;
'and you would be the baſeſt of men

'to ſacrifice, to a horrible prejudice of
'pride, friendſhip, nature, the reve-
'rence you owe my age, to my name
'of father, to ſentiments the moſt dear,
'and which are even venerated amongſt
'barbarians.'

SEYMOUR continued motionleſs, from ſurpriſe, terror, and grief. 'You make 'me no anſwer!' replied the old man in a ſtill warmer accent; 'you heſitate 'giving me your word that you will 'not ſtain your hands in the blood of 'my child, that you will not rob me of 'the only prop which remains to me. 'What! a father, an old man, your 'friend, the brother of your intended 'wife, demands of you with tears not to 'commit a crime which will follow you 'to the tomb, and you heſitate Seymour. 'The man, who to ſave his life, his 'miſtreſs, and his honour, would not 'conſent in the minuteſt degree to in-

'jure

'jure another in his fame or property,
'from a falſe honour and a wretched
'prejudice, which he himſelf deteſts, can
'without ſcruple deprive a friend, an
'old man, a father, of his only ſon, the
'moſt valuable treaſure he poſſeſſes; the
'only one which cannot be reſtored
'him, which coming from heaven
'ought to be ſacred in the eyes of man.
'This man, who becomes the murderer,
'believes himſelf to have virtue and
'ſenſibility, pretends to eſteem ——.'
'In the name of heaven, hear me,
'Sir Edward! Charles, you ſay, has pub-
'lickly challenged and inſulted you.
'I beg your pardon, I implore your
'clemency; and if this be not ſufficient
'for your barbarous honour, ſhew me
'to the moſt publick ſquare in London,
'and I will then publickly do the ſame
'with every other atonement or hu-

'miliating circumſtance your pride may 'deem neceſſary.'

HAVING ſaid this, the old man threw himſelf on his knees before Sir Edward, who had all the time liſtened to him with the profoundeſt attention. Seymour haſtened to raiſe him; he preſſed him to his boſom; and, when he recovered his power of ſpeaking, which his emotion had ſuſpended, 'My dear friend!' he exclaimed, 'be ſatisfied; be certain 'that I will do all that man can do; 'and give you my moſt ſacred word of 'honour that I will not injure the life of 'your ſon. Upon this promiſe you may 'depend. But I, in my turn, muſt re-'quire a favour in you. You muſt leave 'me to finiſh this affair. Your care or 'interpoſition will only do miſchief. Say 'nothing to Charles. Seek neither to 'meet with, nor to follow, us. Stay

'quietly

'quietly at home till the morning; at 'eight o'clock come here: here I hope 'I ſhall ſee you: then you may be in-'ſtrumental in our reconciliation. If 'you ſhall not ſee me, you will find 'on the table a letter, which I have al-'ready begun; this give to Mrs. Hart-'ley, and you will know all that I have 'done. Aſk me no farther. At all 'events, I promiſe you your ſon's life is 'not in the ſmalleſt danger. If you take 'any ſtep to prevent our meeting, this 'will be more than I can anſwer for. 'Adieu, my friend. I dare engage that 'you will be ſatisfied with my conduct. 'It grows late; retire, and leave me to 'obtain the compoſure I ſo much re-'quire.'

THE old man, impreſſed by the calm and dignified air with which Sir Edward addreſſed him, embraced him, preſſed his hand, and promiſed to do whatever

he deſired. He left Seymour alone, who proceeded to finiſh his letter to his miſtreſs, in which he informed her of the diſpute, his ſorrow, and his determination; bidding her adieu, if he ſhould ſee her no more, and renewing his vows of unalterable tenderneſs. His letter was affectionate, elegant, and ſenſible, and ſometimes watered by his tears. After ſealing it, he went to bed, and ſlept tranquilly till the morning. At five o'clock he roſe, went out alone, with his arms, in ſearch of his ſecond, and appeared, a little before ſix, at the appointed ſpot. Mr. Charles was already there, attended by his ſecond. A lively diſpute took place betwixt the ſeconds who ſhould have the firſt fire: this Sir Edward finiſhed by ſaying, 'that as he 'was the perſon inſulted, the choice 'remained with him; and that it was 'his wiſh, as well as cuſtom, not to fire 'firſt.'

'firſt.' The two opponents then placed themſelves at ten paces from each other, and the impetuous Charles taking aim at Seymour, his ſhot went through his hat, which of courſe fell to the ground. Sir Edward coolly took it up again, replaced it on his head, and looking at a tree, at the ſame diſtance, but in a different direction from his adverſary, fired his piſtol at it. 'Do you chuſe to fire 'again?' ſaid he to his opponent.

'Sir,' replied the other, 'I cannot 'imagine why you ſhould diſdain to fire 'at me. Your generoſity is a ſpecies 'of inſult. I muſt inſiſt upon your fir-'ing, or explaining the motives of your 'conduct.'—'I prefer the latter,' anſwered Sir Edward, approaching him. 'You are the ſon of Mr. Fyler, who 'has been for twenty years my friend: 'far from attacking your life, I would 'expoſe my own to defend it. You

'came to provoke and to inſult me, in 'order to prevent my marrying a young 'perſon whom I have ſolemnly declared 'I never intended to marry. Honour 'would not ſuffer me to refuſe your 'challenge. Honour compelled me to 'expoſe my life, but it did not compel 'me to injure yours. I have no reſent-'ment againſt you. I have no motive 'to hate you; but as the prejudices of 'my country compel my reaſon and in-'difference to ſubmit to your impetuo-'ſity, if you are ſtill furious and ex-'aſperated, you muſt go back to your 'ground: but if you are ſtill in doubt, 'I again aſſure you, that I do not wiſh to 'marry Amelia, or kill the ſon of Mr. 'Fyler. This is the explanation of my 'conduct: you muſt determine what you 'chuſe to do.'

'To entreat your forgiveneſs, Sir 'Edward,' returned Charles, 'to implore 'you,

you, in the preſence of theſe Gentlemen, to excuſe my errors and my youth. Love and paſſion have hurried me away. Your noble and generous behaviour cauſes me to bluſh with ſhame. Accept my apologies, Sir Edward, and if my ſincere regret, and the ſuperiority you have evidently over me, are not ſufficient to induce you to forgive me, name whatever reparation you may think proper.'

Sir Edward turning then to the conds, who had prepared the ſecond iſtols, 'Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'are you ſatisfied?' They all ſignified their approbation of his conduct. 'Well then,' e rejoined, 'you ſhall be guarantees of Mr. Charles's words. He deſires me to name what reparation I exact; it is this: you are all acquainted, Gentlemen, thanks to the London newſmongers! of the famous will of Mr.

'Mickle,

'Mickle, and of the perplexity in which
'I found myſelf concerning a certain
'young lady. The aunt of Amelia has
'refuſed the offer which I made her of
'dividing my fortune, ſaying, 'that it
"did not become her niece to accept
"any thing but from her huſband.' — I
'deſire that Mr. Charles will conſent to
'become that huſband; and I exact of
'him, as an atonement for the fault
'he has committed, that he accept from
'me the five thouſand pounds a year
'which the aunt of Amelia refuſed.'

At theſe words Charles gratefully embraced Sir Edward, and every one praiſed his generoſity. They all adjourned to Seymour's houſe, where the unhappy Mr. Fyler expected them in the moſt agonizing ſuſpenſe. Charles haſtened to relate to him what had paſſed; and the good old man diſſolved in tears: for the firſt time in his life he contradicted

dicted nobody: he did not perſiſt in the advice he had formerly given, and gave his conſent to Sir Edward's arrangement. This laſt left them together in order to inform Mrs. Hartley of his adventures. The charming widow that very day conſented to give him her hand. Mr. Fyler went to Oxford in order to exert his rhetoric upon Mrs. Forteſcue. He began with informing her of Sir Edward's marriage; and that of Amelia and Charles was ſoon afterwards concluded. The new-married people lived near each other, and lived happily, notwithſtanding the frequent diſputes of Mr. Fyler and Sir Edward, who nevertheleſs acknowledged, that in certain circumſtances, it is not always an eaſy matter to *pleaſe all the world.*

SELICO;

SELICO;

AN

AFRICAN TALE.

IF, as the Perſians aſſert, we might believe that the univerſe is in ſubjection to two principles, of which one does the little good which is conſpicuous, and the other the evil every where ſo abundant, we would be inclined to believe that Africa is the place where the evil principle, in a particular manner, exerciſes his power. No portion of the globe produces ſuch variety of poiſons, ſo many wild beaſts and venemous reptiles.

The

The little which we know of the hiſtory of Morocco, of the Negroes of Ardra, of Jaggas, the native inhabitants of the coaſts, a far as the country of the Hottentots, bears a remarkable reſemblance to the natural hiſtory of lions, panthers, and ſerpents, which are ſo worthy of partaking this parching region with theſe cannibal Princes which ſell and eat the fleſh of their priſoners. In the midſt of theſe diſguſting and horrible ſcenes, where ſome ſell their children, and others eat their captives, we ſometimes may diſcover traces of natural juſtice, of genuine virtue, of conſtancy in ſuffering, and a generous contempt of death. Theſe examples, rare as they may be, are ſufficient to intereſt us in this degraded part of the human ſpecies, to make us remember that they ſtill are men: juſt as in a barren deſart, a few ſolitary blades of verdure, which the

traveller

traveller is from time to time delighted to diſcover, ſuffice to convince him that he ſtill treads upon the earth.

In the kingdom of Juida, ſituated on the Coaſt of Guinea, beyond the Cape of three points, and not far from Sabi, its capital, there lived, in the year 1727, a poor widow, named Darina; ſhe was the mother of three ſons, whom ſhe had brought up with a tenderneſs fortunately common in human nature, but very uncommon in the climates where children are conſidered as an article of trade, and ſold for ſlaves by their unfeeling parents. The oldeſt of theſe was called Guberi; the ſecond Teloa; and the youngeſt Selico. All of theſe were amiable and ſenſible; they adored their good mother, who, now grown old and infirm, lived only by their induſtry. The wealth of this family conſiſted only of a hut, in which they lived together, with a little field

field contiguous, the maize of which was their ſupport. Every morning, taking it by turns, one of the three brothers went to the chace, another worked in the field, the third remained at home with their mother: in the evening they met; the huntſman produced his partridges, parrot, or perhaps a little honey; the huſbandman brought fuel, whilſt he who ſtayed at home provided their common meat. They ſupped affectionately together, contending who ſhould be moſt attentive to their mother: they received her bleſſing, and reclining upon ſtraw, by the ſide of each other, they went to ſleep expecting the morrow.

SELICO, the youngeſt of the brethren, went often to the town to carry the firſt fruits of the harveſt, the offering of this poor family, to the temple of the great divinity of their country. This god, it is well known, is a huge ſerpent of that

ſpecies

ſpecies which are not venemous, and do no injury; on the contrary, they deſtroy thoſe ſerpents which are venemous; and they are ſo venerated at Juida, that it is conſidered as a horrible crime to put one to death. Thus the number of theſe ſacred ſerpents has multiplied without end, in the midſt of their towns and villages, and, even within houſes, one meets, at every ſtep, theſe deities, who come familiarly to feed at the tables of their worſhippers, ſleeping near their fires, and producing their young upon their beds; which laſt is conſidered by them as the happieſt of omens.

Of all the Negroes of Juida, Selico was the blackeſt, the beſt made, and the moſt amiable. In the temple of their great deity he had ſeen the young Beriſſa, daughter to the Chief Prieſt, who by her figure, her beauty, and her grace was far ſuperior to all her companions.

Selico

Selico conceived a paſſion for her, and was beloved in return. Every Friday, the day ſacred amongſt the Negroes to repoſe and religion, the young lover appeared at the temple, paſſed the day in the ſociety of his dear Beriſſa, told her of his mother, his tender paſſion, and of the happineſs they ſhould enjoy when united in marriage. Beriſſa did not appear to conceal that ſhe equally deſired this moment to arrive; and the venerable Farulho, her father, who approved of the connection, promiſed, with embraces, ſoon to reward their tenderneſs.

At length this period, ſo anxiouſly expected, drew nigh. The day was fixed; the mother of Selico and the two brothers had made ready the hut for the young couple, when the famous Truro Audati, King of Dahomai, whoſe rapid victories have been celebrated even in Europe, invading the kingdom of Ar-

dra, exterminating the inhabitants, and advancing at the head of his formidable army, was checked only by the great river which bounded the realms of the ſovereign of Juida. This laſt, a weak and timid Prince, governed by his women and his miniſters, did not think even of collecting a few troops to oppoſe the conqueror. He believed that the deities of the country knew well enough how to defend the entrance, and carried to the banks of the river all the ſacred ſerpents that could be got together. The Prince of Dahomai, ſurpriſed and indignant at having only reptiles to combat, threw himſelf into the ſtream with his troops, and gained the oppoſite bank; and very ſoon theſe gods, from whom miracles were expected, were cut to pieces, roaſted on the fire, and devoured by the conquerors. Then the King of Juida, thinking that nothing elſe could

ſave him, abandoned his capital, and haſtened to conceal himſelf in a remote iſland. The warriors of Audati ſpread themſelves every where, carrying with them fire and ſword. They burned the crops, towns, and villages, and maſſacred without mercy all that they could find.

TERROR diſperſed the few inhabitants who eſcaped the carnage. The three brothers, on the approach of the conquerors, had taken their mother on their ſhoulders and haſtened to conceal themſelves in the woods. Selico would not leave Darina whilſt ſhe was expoſed to the ſmalleſt danger; but the moment he ſaw her in ſafety, trembling for the fate of Beriſſa, he flew to Sabi, to ſave or periſh with her. Sabi was taken by the Dahomians. The ſtreets flowed with blood! the houſes were plundered and deſtroyed: the palace of the King and the temple of the ſerpent were nothing

but ſmoaking ruins, covered with dead bodies, whoſe heads, according to cuſtom, the barbarians had carried away. The wretched Selico in deſpair, and wiſhing for death, ventured many times amongſt the ſoldiers intoxicated with brandy and blood! Every where did Selico ruſh amidſt the horrid ſcenes, ſeeking Beriſſa and Farulho, pronouncing their names ſorrowfully aloud, and unable to recognize their bodies amongſt ſo many mutilated trunks!

After dedicating five days to this terrible ſearch, doubting not but that Beriſſa and her father had become the victims of the ferocious Dahomians, Selico determined to return to his mother. He found her in the wood where he had left her with his brothers. The fixed ſorrow of Selico, his manner, and his wild looks, terrified this unhappy family! Darina lamented his misfortune,

and

and tried various conſolations; to all of which her ſon was inſenſible. He refuſed all nouriſhment, and ſeemed determined to expire by famine. Guberi and Teloa did not attempt to diſſuade him by argument and reaſon, but they pointed to their venerable parent, who had neither houſe nor bread, nor any thing left her but her children. They demanded of him, 'whether at that ſight he had 'not the courage to live?'

Selico promiſed that he would, and forced himſelf to think of nothing but of dividing with his two brothers the tender attentions which they paid their parent. They plunged into the woods, went ſtill farther from Sabi, built themſelves a hut in a remote valley, and thought of ſupplying by the chace, the maize and the vegetables which they were without.

DEPRIVED of their bows and arrows, and of all their other neceſſaries, which they had no time to carry away, they ſoon began to feel the extreme of miſery. Fruits were in theſe foreſts rarely to be found, where the prodigious number of apes were always prepared to diſpute them with the three brothers. The earth produced nothing but graſs. They had no inſtrument to turn, nor grain to plant it. The rainy ſeaſon came on, and the horrors of famine attacked them. The poor mother, always in miſery, reclined upon a bed of dry leaves, was ready to expire, but without a complaint. Her ſons, exhauſted by hunger, could no longer penetrate the woods, which were deluged every where: they laid traps for the little birds which came near their hut, and when they took one, which rarely happened, for they had no longer

any

any bait, they carried it to their parent, and preſenting it to her, forced from her a ſmile; but ſhe would not eat it unleſs divided with her children. Three months paſſed without any promiſe of change to their miſerable ſituation. Compelled at length to take ſome ſtep, they held a conſultation at the deſire of Darina. Guberi propoſed firſt, that they ſhould penetrate as far as the coaſt, and ſell one of their number to the firſt European they might meet; and to purchaſe with the money bread, maize, and inſtruments of agriculture, with which they might ſupport their mother. The brothers replied to this, but with a melancholy ſilence — 'To ſeparate from each 'other for ever! to become the ſlaves 'of white men!' the idea drove them near to diſtraction. 'Which ſhall be 'ſold?' cried Teloa, in a tone of grief. 'Lots muſt decide it,' replied Guberi.

'Let us place three ſtones of different 'ſizes in this clay veſſel, ſhake them to-'gether, and he who draws the leaſt, 'muſt be the unhappy perſon.'—No, 'my brother,' interrupted Selico, 'the 'lot is already drawn. I am the moſt 'miſerable of all; you forget that I 'have loſt Beriſſa, and that you alone 'prevented me from dying, by ſaying I 'might be uſeful to my mother. Con-'firm what you have ſaid—this is the 'time—ſell me!'

Guberi and Teloa attempted in vain to oppoſe the generous purpoſe of their brother; Selico reſiſted their expoſtulations, refuſed to draw his lot, and threatened to go by himſelf if they would not accompany him; at length the two eldeſt gave way. It was agreed that Guberi ſhould continue with his mother, and that Teloa ſhould conduct Selico to the Dutch fort, where he

ſhould

ſhould receive the price of his brother's liberty, and that he ſhould immediately return with the proviſions which they wanted. When this was determined, Selico alone forebore to weep, but he found it difficult indeed to reſtrain them when he was to leave his mother, bid her an eternal adieu, embrace her for the laſt time, and, what is more, deceive her by promiſing ſoon to return with Teloa, ſaying that they were only about to viſit their former habitation, and to ſee if they could again take poſſeſſion of it. The good old woman believed them, yet ſhe could hardly tear herſelf from her ſons arms; ſhe trembled at the dangers they were about to encounter; and, by an involuntary motion, ran after Selico the moment ſhe loſt ſight of his perſon.

The two brothers, of whom it could not be ſaid which was moſt unhappy, in a ſhort

a ſhort time arrived at Sabi. Murder had then ceaſed, peace began again to ſmile, the King of Dahomai, undiſturbed poſſeſſor of the States of Juida, wiſhed to encourage a commerce with Europeans, whom he invited to his city. Many Engliſh and French merchants were received at the Monarch's court, who ſold them his numerous priſoners, and divided amongſt his troops the lands of the vanquiſhed. Teloa ſoon found a merchant, who offered him an hundred crowns for his young brother. As he heſitated, trembled in all his limbs, and diſputed about this horrible bargain, a trumpet was heard, and a publick cryer announced with a loud voice, that the King of Dahomai promiſed four hundred ounces of gold to whoever would bring him alive a young Negro, who the night before had dared to profane the ſeraglio of the Monarh, and had

eſcaped

escaped towards the east, from the pursuit of the guards. Selico heard the proclamation, made a sign to Teloa not to conclude his bargain with the merchant; and, taking his brother aside, spoke to him thus in a firm tone: 'You are come to sell me, and I wished that you should, in order to support my mother, but the small sum which this white offers you cannot prove of material importance; four hundred ounces of gold will secure certain wealth for ever to you and to Darina. You must get this, my brother: bind me this moment, and carry me to the King as the guilty person whom he wants. Be not alarmed, I know as well as you do what punishment I have to expect, I have calculated how long it will endure, it will not exceed an hour, and when my mother brought me forth she suffered more.'

TELOA trembling could make no reply; penetrated with tenderneſs and affection, he fell at the feet of Selico, embraced his knees, conjured him in the name of his mother, of Beriſſa, by all he held dear, to renounce his terrible purpoſe. 'Of whom do you ſpeak,' ſaid Selico, with a ſevere ſmile. 'I 'have loſt Beriſſa, and I wiſh to meet 'her again. I ſave my mother's life by 'my death, I make my brother's rich 'for ever, and I eſcape a ſlavery which 'might be protracted for forty years. 'My choice is made, preſs me no far-'ther, or I go and ſurrender myſelf; 'you will then loſe all advantage by my 'death, and you will occaſion miſery 'to her to whom we owe our lives.'

AWED by the manner and the accent in which Selico pronounced theſe laſt words, Teloa ventured not to reply; he obeyed his brother, went and got

got cords, bound his hands behind him, bathing the knots with his tears, and, making him walk before him, proceeded to the King's palace.

STOPPED by the guards, he demanded an audience of the King; he was announced and introduced. The King of Dahomai, covered with gold and precious ſtones, was reclining on a ſcarlet ſofa, his head reſting on the boſom of his favourites, who were dreſſed in rich brocaded ſilks, but were naked from the waiſt upwards. His miniſters and officers, ſuperbly dreſſed, were proſtrate twenty feet from him. The moſt valiant were diſtinguiſhed by a collar of human teeth, each of which teſtified a victory. Many females with muſquets on their ſhoulders guarded the door of the apartment. Large golden vaſes containing palm wine, brandy, and ſtrong

ſtrong liquors, were placed at ſome diſtance from the King, and the hall was paved with the ſculls of his enemies.

'Sovereign of the world!' cried Teloa, proſtrating himſelf on the ground, 'I 'come in compliance with your ſacred 'orders to deliver into your hands——.' He could not finiſh, and his voice died away upon his lips. The King interrogated him, but he could make no reply. At length Selico began:

'KING of Dahomai,' ſaid he, 'you 'ſee before you the guilty wretch who, 'induced by a guilty paſſion laſt night, 'penetrated the receſſes of your ſe- 'raglio. He who brings me here in 'chains was a long time my friend, and 'I did not fear to truſt him with my 'ſecret. Zeal for your ſervice has pre- 'vailed with him to violate his friend- 'ſhip. He ſurpriſed me in my ſleep, 'has

'has loaded me with chains, and comes 'to demand the reward: give it him for 'the miſerable man has deſerved it.'

THE King, without vouchſafing any anſwer, made a ſign to one of his officers, who, viewing the priſoner, gave him into the cuſtody of the female guards, and paid Teloa the four hundred ounces of gold. This laſt, taking the gold, the touch of which agonized his ſoul, went and purchaſed proviſions; and, precipitately leaving the town, made haſte to his mother.

ALREADY, by order of the Prince, they were making ready the horrible puniſhment to which they are doomed who commit adultery with the wives of the Sovereign. Two large trenches are ſunk at a ſmall diſtance from each other. In that which is intended for the guilty female, they fix the unfortunate culprit to a ſtake, and all the women of the

ſeraglio,

ſeraglio, clothed in their moſt ſumptuous dreſſes, carrying in their hands large veſſels of boiling water, advance to the ſound of tabors and flutes, to pour this water upon her head till ſhe expires. The other trench contains a pile of wood, upon which they place a croſs bar of iron, which is ſupported by two raiſed ſtakes. To this bar the criminal is ſecured, fire is ſet to the pile, and the wretched creatures periſh, after protracted torments being only reached by the extremities of the flame.

The place was filled with people; the troops under arms formed a ſquare, bearing their ſpears and muſquets; the prieſts, in their dreſſes of ceremony, waited for the two victims to lay their hands upon them and devote them to death. They appeared from different corners, guarded by the armed females. Selico, calm and reſigned, advanced with his

head

head raiſed up. When he came towards the ſtake he could not avoid lifting his eyes towards the companion of his miſery. What was his aſtoniſhment and grief on beholding Beriſſa! He uttered a loud cry, and would have darted to her, but was withheld by the executioners. Soon his firſt emotion gave way to indignation. 'Wretch! that I 'am,' he cried, 'whilſt I courted 'death, hoping again to meet her, ſhe 'was amongſt theſe vile females who 'contend for a tyrant's affections. Not 'content with her perfidiouſneſs in love, 'ſhe was alſo faithleſs to her maſter; 'ſhe deſerved the title of adultreſs, and 'the puniſhment of her crime. Oh, 'my mother! for thee alone I die—it 'is on thee alone that I can bear to 'think!'

At this inſtant the wretched Beriſſa recognizing Selico, uttered a loud ſcream;

ſhe called the prieſts, and declared to them aloud, that the young man they were about to kill, was not he who had penetrated the ſeraglio. She ſwore this by the heavens, the mountains, the thunder, and the moſt auguſt of the ſacred ſerpents. The prieſts intimidated, ordered the execution to be ſuſpended, and ran to inform the King, who was himſelf preſent. Indignation and fury diſturbed the countenance of the Monarch when he approached Beriſſa. 'Slave!' ſaid he, in a terrible voice—'thou who contemneſt the love of thy 'maſter, thou whom I would have 'raiſed to the rank of my firſt ſultana, 'and who, in ſpite of your refuſal, I 'have ſuffered to live, what is your 'purpoſe in pretending to deny the 'guilt of your accomplice. Doſt thou 'live to ſave him. If this be not thy 'lover, name who he is—deliver the

'guilty

'guilty to my juſtice, I will releaſe the 'innocent!'

'KING of Dahomai,' replied Beriſſa, who was already ſecured to the fatal ſtake, 'I cannot accept thy heart, I 'poſſeſs not my own; I did not fear to 'tell you ſo. Do you think, that ſhe 'who would not live to ſhare a crown, 'would ſpeak a falſehood at the moment 'of death! No, I confeſs all, and repeat 'my refuſal. A man did laſt night enter 'my apartment, he did not leave it till 'the morning — but this was not the 'man! You aſk me to name him, I 'ought not, I will not; I am ready to die; 'I know that nothing can ſave me, and 'I only protract the fatal moment to 'prevent you from perpetrating a crime. 'I again ſwear to you, King of Da-'homai, that the blood of this inno-'cent perſon will fall upon your head:

'deliver him, and puniſh me! I have 'no more to ſay.'

The King was ſtruck with Beriſſa's words, as well as with her manner of pronouncing them. He gave no orders, but declining his head, was aſtoniſhed at the reluctance which he this moment felt to ſhed blood. But remembering that this Negro had accuſed himſelf, and attributing to love, the intereſt which Beriſſa diſcovered for him, all his rage was rekindled. He made a ſign to the executioners; the pile was lighted, the women advanced with their veſſels of boiling water, when an old man out of breath, covered with wounds and duſt, burſt through the crowd, and ſuddenly threw himſelf at the feet of the King.

'Stop!' ſaid he, 'I implore you ſtop: 'I alone am the guilty perſon; it is I 'who have burſt through the walls of 'your

'your ſeraglio, attempting the delivery
'of my daughter. I was once the High
'Prieſt of the deity who was here
'adored. They tore my child from
'my arms, and conducted her to this
'palace. Since that time, I eagerly
'have ſought an opportunity to ſee
'her again. This laſt night I penetrated
'to her apartment—in vain did ſhe at-
'tempt to follow me, for your guards
'diſcovered us. I eſcaped alone, not-
'withſtanding the arrows with which
'you ſee me pierced. I come to offer
'you your victim! I come to expire
'with her, for whom alone I deſired to
'live!'

He had hardly finiſhed when the King commanded the prieſts to releaſe the unhappy priſoners, and bring them before him. He examined Selico, wiſhing to know what important motive

could induce him voluntarily to ſeek ſo dreadful a puniſhment.

SELICO, whoſe heart panted with joy at finding Beriſſa again, and faithful, was not afraid to reveal every thing to the Monarch. He related to him his misfortunes, the diſtreſſes of his mother, and the reſolution he had taken to obtain for her the four hundred ounces of gold. Beriſſa and her father heard him with tears of delight and admiration: the chiefs, the ſoldiers, and the people melted with tenderneſs: the King himſelf perceived tears to fall, which never before had bedewed his cheeks.—Such is the charm of virtue, that barbarians themſelves adore it!

AFTER hearing Selico, the King gave him his hand, and bade him riſe; and, turning to the European merchants, whom this ſpectacle had collected,

'You,'

'You,' ſaid he, 'to whom wiſdom, ex-
'perience, and the illumination of a
'long civilization, have ſo long taught
'what is the ſpecific value of a man,
'Of how much value think you is
'this?' A young Frenchman more bold than the reſt, exclaimed, 'Ten 'thouſand crowns of gold!'—'Which 'ſhall be given to Beriſſa,' ſaid the King, 'with this ſhe may purchaſe the 'hand of Selico.'

THIS order was executed on the ſpot and the King of Dahomai retired, aſtoniſhed at feeling a delight he had never before experienced.

FARULHO the very ſame day gave his daughter to Selico. The young couple, accompanied by the old man, departed next day with their treaſure, to go in ſearch of Darina. She, as well as the brothers of Selico, were ready almoſt to expire from joy. This virtuous fa-

mily ſeparated no more, but well enjoyed their riches, and in a barbarous region, offered, for a long period, the faireſt example which heaven could give to the earth—that of happineſs and wealth produced by virtue.

CLAUDINA;

CLAUDINA;

A

SAVOYARD TALE.

IN the month of July, 1788, being at Fernay, which, ſince the death of Voltaire, reſembles thoſe deſerted caſtles ſaid to be inhabited by Genii, I reſolved to viſit the famous glaciers of Savoy. A friend of Geneva had the goodneſs to accompany me. I ſhall not deſcribe our journey; to render this intereſting I muſt of neceſſity imitate that exalted, ſublime, and, to vulgar minds, unintelligible ſtyle which now makes a traveller appear

appear of vaſt importance, if he has been but a few leagues, and has a ſort of ſenſibility. I muſt ſpeak of ecſtacies, and dangers, and eſcapes; and I confeſs that this mode of expreſſion, though ſimple enough, is not familiar to me. I ſaw Mount Blanc, the Frozen Sea, the ſource of the Arveron; I attempted, for a long time, thoſe formidable rocks covered with froſt, whoſe icy ſummits pierce the clouds! That large ſtream, named a ſea, checked ſuddenly in its courſe, whoſe motionleſs waters ſtill ſeem agitated; that immenſe roof, formed by ſo many ages of ſnow, from whence a white ſtream precipitates huge lumps of ice from rock to rock! All this filled me with terror and with ſadneſs: I thought I beheld the fearful image of Nature deprived of the ſun, and abandoned to the deity of ſtorms! In gazing at theſe pleaſing, though terrific, objects, I thank-

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ed the all-powerful Deity, that they occurred ſo rarely! I haſtened my departure to repaſs the vale — the delicious vale of Maglan! There I promiſed myſelf to ſooth my melancholy, in paſſing ſlowly through that charming region, in contemplating of the banks of the Arva, thoſe luxuriant banks of verdure, thoſe ſolemn woods, enamelled meads, villages, manſions interſperſed, where my fancy painted an old man ſurrounded by his family, a mother giving ſuck to her infant, and two young lovers approaching the altar! This was the ſpectacle which delighted my eyes, my heart ſtill preſenting the ſweeteſt recollection and moſt agreeable wiſhes.

My beloved friend, Geſſner, you think as I do; you, who born in the moſt various and moſt pictureſque climate of the globe, the beſt calculated to ſuggeſt deſcriptions always new, have never,

never, like other writers, obſerved the art of deſcription; and have never believed that a picture, however finiſhed its colouring, could paſs for reality.—You ſing of ſhady groves, verdant meads, and limpid ſtreams; but villagers and ſhepeherds muſt be there, to give leſſons of love, of piety, and benevolence. In reading you, the delighted eyes run over the ſcenes which you deſcribe: the ſoul, ſtill more ſatisfied, cheriſhes your uſeful precepts, and enjoys a delightful emotion.

Such were the ideas which filled my breaſt at Chamouny, when I deſcended Monte Verde, in returning from the ſea of ice. After two hours of painful travel, I arrived near the fountain, where I had repoſed in the morning; I wiſhed to reſt there again; for, not much caring for torrents, I have a great love for fountains. I was otherwiſe fatigued,

tigued, though I had no great reaſon to be ſo. I entreated my brave and honeſt guide, who called himſelf Francis Paccard, to ſit near me; we then began an intereſting converſation on the manners, character, and mode of life of the inhabitants of Chamouny. The ingenuous Paccard much affected me by his tale, of manners ſo very ſimple, which we love to hear, though we feel ſomething alſo like regret, when a young damſel came to offer me a baſket of cherries. I took them and paid her: as ſoon as ſhe was gone, Paccard ſaid with a ſmile, 'About ten years ago, in the place where 'we now are, it coſt one of our young 'women dear, for coming thus to offer 'fruit to a traveller.' I entreated Paccard to tell me the ſtory. 'It is too long', he replied; 'I have heard it, indeed, very 'circumſtantially from the curate of Sa-'lenches, who himſelf had much ſhare

'in

'in the buſineſs.' I importuned Paccard to tell me all he had heard from the curate; and both of us, ſitting at the root of two firs, eating our cherries together, Paccard thus began:—

"You muſt know, Sir, that our town of Chamouny, ten years ago, was not as famous as it is now. Travellers did not come here, bringing their gold, to ſee our ſnowy mountains, and to purchaſe our pebbles. We were poor and harmleſs, and our wives, like our daughters, buſied with attention to their families, were ſtill more ignorant than ourſelves. I tell you this beforehand, to palliate a little the indiſcretion of Claudina; the poor girl was ſo very ſimple, that it was no hard matter to delude her.

"Claudina was the daughter of old Simon, who worked at the priory.—This Simon, whom I knew very well, for

for he died only two years ago, was the ſyndic of our pariſh. He was reſpected by all the country for his honeſty, but his diſpoſition was naturally ſevere; he thought nothing of his own merit, and was not willing to allow much to that of others; he was alike feared and eſteemed. He, amongſt us, who had quarrelled with his wife, or had drank a little too much on the Sunday, ventured not to ſpeak to Simon for the remainder of the week. Our children never made a noiſe, whilſt he was paſſing by; they never failed to pull off their hats to him, nor did they again begin their play till Simon was out of ſight.

"Simon was a widower; having loſt his wife Madeline, who left him two daughters. Nannette, the eldeſt, had a good perſon; but the youngeſt, Claudina, was of moſt angelic beauty: her fair

fair round face, her ſweet black eyes, full of vivacity; her large eye-brows, and her lovely mouth, which reſembled a cherry; her air of innocence and cheerfulneſs, made all the young men of our village enamoured of her. When ſhe appeared to dance on the green on a Sunday, with her veſt of blue, exactly fitted to her ſhape, her ſtraw hat, adorned with ribbands; her ſmooth round cap, which could hardly confine her long hair; every one contended for his turn to dance with Claudina.

"SHE was but fourteen years old; her ſiſter Nannette was nineteen, and always ſtaid at home to take care of the houſe. Claudina, as the youngeſt, went conſtantly to Monte Verde, to keep the flock. She carried with her her dinner and her diſtaff, and ſpent her day in ſpinning, ſinging, or chatting with the other villagers. At night ſhe returned

turned to her father, who, after ſupper, read to his daughters ſome ſtory from the Bible, gave them his bleſſing, and then all retired to reſt.

"It was about this time that ſtrangers began to viſit our glaciers. A young Engliſhman, named Bradford, the ſon of a rich merchant of London, paſſing through Geneva, on his way to Italy, had the curioſity to pay a viſit to Chamouny. He alighted at the houſe of Madam Couteran, and the next day, at four in the morning, aſcended Monte Verde, to ſee the Frozen Sea, conducted by my brother Michael, who is ſtill the eldeſt of the guides. He returned about eleven, and reſted, as we may do, at this very fountain; when Claudina, who here kept her flocks, ſeeing him much heated, came to offer him the fruit and the milk which ſhould have been for her dinner. The Engliſh-

man thanked her, looked at her attentively, talked ſome time to her, and would have given her five or ſix guineas, which Claudina would not accept; but the ſimple girl could not refuſe to carry Mr. Bradford to look at her flock, which ſhe had left amongſt ſome large trees. The Engliſhman deſired his guide to wait, whilſt he walked with Claudina. He ſtaid with her two long hours;—you may gueſs the nature of their interview, which I ſhall not pretend to explain, for it was not heard by any one. It is enough for you to know, that Mr. Bradford went away the ſame evening, and that Claudina, returning to her father, was penſive, thoughtful, and melancholy, having on her finger a diamond ring, which the Engliſhman had given her. Her ſiſter aſked her who had made her this preſent, Claudina ſaid that ſhe had found it. Simon, with a

diſſatisfied

diſſatisfied air, took the ring, and carried it himſelf to Madam Couteran, in order to find out who had loſt it, but nobody claimed it. Mr. Bradford was already a great way off; and Claudina, to whom the diamond was reſtored, became every day more penſive.

" Five or ſix months paſſed away. Claudina, who returned every evening, with her eyes red and ſwelled, determined at length to truſt her ſecret with her ſiſter Nannette. To her ſhe confeſſed, that the day when ſhe met Mr. Bradford on the Monte Verde, he had vowed that he was in love with her, that he wiſhed to ſettle at Chamouny, and to marry her. ' For my part,' ſaid Claudina, ' I believed him, for he ' ſwore it to me a thouſand times; he ' ſaid his affairs would oblige him to ' return to Geneva, but that he would ' be here within a fortnight; that he

'would purchaſe a houſe, and that our 'marriage ſhould immediately take 'place. He ſeated himſelf by me, 'embraced me, and calling me his 'wife, gave me this as a wedding ring. 'I dare not tell you any more, my dear 'ſiſter, but I am very uneaſy and very 'ill; I weep every day; and in vain I 'watch the road to Geneva, for Mr. 'Bradford comes no more.'

"NANNETTE, who was juſt married, minutely queſtioned the poor Claudina, and at length learned that the Engliſhman had baſely deluded the ſimple and unfortunate girl, for Claudina was with child.

"WHAT was to be done? how break this matter to the auſtere Simon, to conceal it was impoſſible. The good Nannette did not increaſe the deſpair of her ſiſter by any fruitleſs reproaches; on the contrary, ſhe endeavoured to con-

ſole

ſole her in encouraging her to hope for a pardon, which ſhe well knew ſhe never would obtain. After deliberating together a long time, Nannette, with her ſiſter's conſent, went to the good curate, and told him the whole affair, entreating him to break it to her father, and to ſoften him; to convince him that Claudina's fault was imputable to the vile Engliſhman; and finally, to take every means to preſerve the honour, or, at leaſt, the life of the unfortunate Claudina. The curate, very ſorrowful at what he had heard, undertook what he was deſired, and took care to be with Simon, at an hour when he knew that Claudina was on the Mountain.

"SIMON, according to cuſtom, was reading his Bible. Our good curate ſat down by him, talked of the intereſting recitals in that divine book, and, above all, admired the conduct of Joſeph

when he forgave his brethren; the great King David when he pardoned his ſon Abſalom; and others which I know not, though the curate did. Simon thought entirely as he did: the curate at length told him, that God had given us thoſe examples of compaſſion; that being mild and merciful to our brethren, like Joſeph, and to our children, as David was, we might hope to experience the ſame compaſſion from our heavenly Father. All that was put together better than I can do; but you may imagine, that the curate gradually prepared the old man for the diſagreeable news. Simon was a long time without comprehending him; he underſtood him at laſt; when riſing, pale and trembling with rage, he caught hold of the muſquet with which he ſhoots the wild goats, to go and ſhoot his daughter. The curate threw himſelf upon him,

him, and diſarmed him: ſometimes ſpeaking to him with authority on the duties of a Chriſtian; ſometimes ſoothing, embracing and lamenting with him: he at length cauſed the venerable Simon, who till then had his eyes unmoved, his lips pale, and all his body in agitation, to fall back in his chair, with his hands covering his face, and to weep plentifully.

"The curate ſuffered him to weep a long time, without interrupting him; he at length wiſhed to reaſon with him on the meaſures to be taken to preſerve the honour of Claudina. But Simon ſtopped him. 'My friend,' ſaid he, 'it is not poſſible to ſave that which is 'already loſt, every ſtep we take will 'only make us even yet more criminal, 'by the falſehoods we muſt tell. This 'wretched creature muſt not ſtay here, 'ſhe will be the ſcandal of us all, and the

'punishment of her father. She must 'depart, Sir: let her live as an infamous 'person, but let me die far from her: 'let her go this very day; let her leave 'our country, and let her never again 'see these grey hairs she has dis-'honoured.'

"The curate endeavoured to soften Simon, but his efforts were in vain: Simon repeated his determination that Claudina should depart. The good curate took his leave in sorrow; but the old man ran after him, brought him back to his chamber, and shut the door; and, giving him an old leather purse, in which were about fifty crowns, 'Sir,' said he, 'this miserable creature is to-'tally destitute; give her these fifty 'crowns, not from me, take care of 'that, but as a charity of yours: tell 'her it is part of a fund which compas-'sion provides for criminals; but say not

'one

'one word of me: and if you could 'write to any one, recommending her— 'I know your humanity — I wiſh to ſay 'nothing, to know nothing more.'

"THE curate only replied by a preſſure of the hand: he haſtened to rejoin Nannette, who waited for him in the village, more dead than alive. 'Go,' ſaid he, 'go to your ſiſter's chamber, pack up 'all her clothes; take every thing, and 'bring them with you to me. This is 'all I can now tell you.' Nannette obeyed, weeping! ſhe gueſſed but too well what had happened. She packed up, therefore, Claudina's clothes, linen, with all the money ſhe had. She then went back to the curate, who related to her his interview with Simon, gave her a long letter to the curate of Slaenches, and ſaid to her as follows:

"'MY dear child, you muſt this very 'day conduct your ſiſter to Salenches. 'You

'You will tell her what has happened. 'It is uſeleſs for me to ſee her: my office would oblige me to make her reproaches, which at this time would be 'cruel. You will give her this purſe, 'to which I have added a few crowns of 'my own. You will give her alſo this 'letter for the curate of Salenches; go 'with her as far as his village, but no 'farther. You muſt return to your father, who wants your aid; he wants 'your diſcretion and virtues, to ſooth 'his ſorrows and the anguiſh which your 'ſiſter has occaſioned him. Go, my 'child, go inſtantly. I ſhall ſee you 'again to-morrow.'

"NANNETTE, in ſorrow, took the purſe, the letter, and the bundle, and proceeded towards Monte Verde. She found Claudina reclining on the ground, weeping and lamenting. Nannette ſoftened, as well as ſhe could, the meſſage ſhe had to

to deliver; but the moment Claudina underſtood that ſhe was inſtantly to depart, ſhe lamented bitterly aloud, tore her hair, and beat her breaſts. 'I am 'driven away,' ſhe cried, 'and with a 'father's curſe! Kill me, my ſiſter, or 'I leap from yonder precipice!'

"NANNETTE embraced and held her. She was ſome time before ſhe could compoſe her, in bidding her hope that Simon would one day be appeaſed, in promiſing to ſee her frequently, and never to forſake her. At length ſhe prevailed on Claudina to depart, and both of them, at the approach of evening, took the road to Salenches, avoiding our village, where, notwithſtanding it was dark, poor Claudina imagined that all the world read her crime in her countenance.

"THEIR way was ſorrowful enough your

may

may ſuppoſe, nor did they come to the place where they were bound till day-break. Nannette did not think it right to accompany her ſiſter to the houſe of the curate of Salenches. She bade adieu to Claudina, at the entrance of the village, preſſed her for ſome time to her boſom, gave her every thing ſhe had got, and left her in almoſt an equal ſtate of grief.

" The moment Claudina ſaw herſelf alone, her courage forſook her. She haſtened to conceal herſelf in the mountain, and paſſed the whole day without any nouriſhment, determined there to die. Nevertheleſs, when night came on, ſhe began to be afraid, and, entering the village, ſhe inquired which was the curate's houſe? They pointed it out to her. She knocked gently at the door: an old houſekeeper opened it.

" Claudina

" CLAUDINA ſaid, ſhe came from the curate of the priory. The houſe-keeper conducted her to her maſter, who was then at ſupper alone in a corner of the room. Claudina, without daring to raiſe her eyes from the ground, or utter a word, gave him the letter, trembling from head to foot; and whilſt the curate held it to the candle to read it, the poor girl, covering her face with both her hands, threw herſelf on her knees by the door.

" The curate of Salenches is a worthy and amiable man. All his pariſh reſpect and love him as their father. When he had finiſhed the letter, in turning round his head he ſaw the poor girl on her knees, bathed in tears. He mixed his with them. He raiſed her, and commended her penitence; bade her hope forgiveneſs of a fault ſhe ſo bitterly lamented; forced her to eat ſomething, notwithſtanding

notwithſtanding her refuſal; and, calling his houſekeeper, who had retired, he ordered her to get ready a bed. Claudina, aſtoniſhed at meeting with one who did not deſpiſe her, kiſſed his hands, without making any reply, as ſhe did thoſe alſo of the houſe-keeper, who preſſed her to eat. The curate ſitting near her, ſpoke to her in a friendly manner, not ſaying a word which might remind her of her ſorrows. He inquired after his brother curate: he recited the good actions that worthy man had done; and ſeemed to repeat with delight that the moſt agreeable part of their office was to conſole the unfortunate, and bring back thoſe who had gone aſtray. Claudina heard him with reverence, and a gratitude which would not ſuffer her to eat: ſhe viewed him with eyes which ſtreamed with tears. He ſeemed to her an angel ſent by heaven to her relief.

When

When ſupper was finiſhed, the houſe-keeper came to tell her the bed was ready. Claudina retired with compoſure; ſhe did not ſleep, but ſhe got ſome repoſe.

" Early the next morning the good curate went round Salenches to find an apartment where Claudina might lye in. An elderly woman, who lived by herſelf, whom they called Felix, offered a chamber, and promiſed to keep the ſecret. Claudina went there in the evening.— The curate paid for three months lodging in advance, and the good old lady agreed that Claudina ſhould paſs for a niece of her's, married at Chamberry. All was arranged, and in good time; for the fatigue of the journey, the ſorrow and agitation which Claudina had experienced, brought on her labour that very evening. Although ſhe was only ſeven months gone, ſhe was delivered of a boy,

a boy, fair as the day, whom Madam Felix immediately baptized by the name of Henry.

"The curate wiſhed to ſend the infant immediately to nurſe, but Claudina begged ſo earneſtly, and aſſured him with tears, that ſhe would rather die than part with her little Henry, that they agreed to leave him, at leaſt for a ſhort time; and when the firſt day was paſſed, the mother's tenderneſs grew ſo much the ſtronger. The curate reaſoned with her, and repreſented, that ſhe rendered her return to Chamouny impracticable, as well as her reconciliation with her father. Claudina heard him with her eyes fixed on the ground, but only replied by preſſing Henry to her boſom.

"Time flew away: Claudina went on nurſing, and remained with Madam Felix, who loved her as ſhe did herſelf. The fifty crowns ſhe had received from her

her father, with thoſe which Nannette had added, ſufficed hitherto for her maintenance. The good Nannette did not dare to viſit her ſiſter at Salenches; but all that ſhe could ſcrape together, ſhe gave to the curate, who tranſmitted it to his brother. Thus Claudina wanted for nothing; indeed, a very little ſufficed her. She never went out but on Sundays to the firſt maſs; the reſt of her time ſhe ſpent with the old woman and her child; who, having formerly been a ſchool-miſtreſs at Bonneville, learned Claudina to read and write, and gave her a kind of education. Claudina, in time, ceaſed to be unhappy, and little Henry improved daily; but this did not laſt long.

"EIGHTEEN months had paſſed, and Henry was able to walk alone. Claudina had profited ſo much by the inſtructions of the good Madam Felix,

that ſhe found herſelf qualified to inſtruct her ſon. The child grew a very ſweet boy, and Claudina doated upon him;—ſhe thought of nothing elſe but loving him, when one morning the curate of Salenches came, and thus addreſſed her:

"'My good girl, when I firſt received 'you, and covered your error with the 'veil of charity, my intention was to put 'your child out to nurſe, to bring it up 'in ſome village, and put it in a way of 'getting a livelihood. I hoped, in the 'interval, to appeaſe the anger of your 'father, to perſuade him again to take 'you home,—when your patience, your 'modeſty, your prudence, and your in'duſtry, might have induced him to for'get the grief you occaſioned him. This 'conduct ſeemed to me the moſt reaſon'able in itſelf, and the moſt likely to 'ſecure you the friendſhip of your father,

'and

'and the eſteem of your acquaintance.
'But this, you alone, have oppoſed:
'your paſſionate fondneſs for your child,
'and your determination never to part
'with it, baniſhes you for ever from your
'father's houſe. How could Simon re-
'ceive this child? what could it be either
'in his eyes or in thoſe of your town-
'folks but a conſtant ſubject of ſhame and
'ſorrow?—you have ſenſibility enough to
'ſee that you muſt either part with your
'child, or renounce your father, your
'family, and your country. I ſee plainly
'enough by your eyes that your choice is
'fixed, but I muſt tell you, that you can-
'not poſſibly continue to ſpend your days
'here with a poor, though amiable wo-
'man, who fondly loves you. I know
'well enough ſhe may aſk you never to
'leave her; but her poverty will not
'allow her to keep you for nothing. As
'for myſelf, I cannot continue the little

'helps I have hitherto given you, becauſe
'they are the general property of the
'unfortunate; and, having beſtowed on
'you the attention which your ſituation
'demanded, I ſhould be highly culpable
'to abandon others who want my aid,
'merely to indulge a paſſion, which I
'can excuſe, which I compaſſionate,
'but which I can by no means encou-
'rage. You will ſay that you can ſub-
'ſiſt on the money which your ſiſter re-
'mits you; but this money, you ſhould
'remember, is taken from what ought
'to maintain herſelf, her family, and her
'huſband. Nannette is labouring hard,
'whilſt you are careſſing Henry. Nan-
'nette ſends you the produce of her la-
'bour,—and Nannette has committed
'no fault. I appeal to your heart, my
'dear child, whether you ought to con-
'tinue to accept her preſents. One only
'reſource is left you;—you muſt go into
'ſervice

'ſervice at Geneva, or Chamberry. At 'your age, and with your perſon, ſur-'rounded by bad examples, this ſtep 'would expoſe you to great danger. I 'doubt too, whether with a child you 'are reſolved not to leave, any maſter 'would receive you. Think upon all 'this—think of it ſeriouſly. I give you 'two days. You will then acquaint me 'with your reſolution, and I ſtill pro-'miſe to do for you all that is in my 'power.' The curate then went away, leaving Claudina in great perplexity, and ſtill greater affliction. She felt the truth of all the ſenſible old man had urged to her, but ſhe felt ſtill more ſtrongly that ſhe could not part with her Henry. She ſpent the whole day, and night too, in thinking by what means ſhe might no longer be a burden to her ſiſter, and ſtill not part with her boy. At length, ſhe determined on a ſtep, dangerous enough,

but which, certainly accompliſhed both her purpoſes. She roſe, therefore, at day-break, and wrote this letter to the curate:

'*My dear Benefactor*,

'I AM, indeed, afflicted that 'I cannot acquit myſelf of what I owe 'you, by a compliance equal to my gra- 'titude. Heaven knows that if my life 'would ſatisfy you, I ſhould not be 'half ſo diſtreſſed; but I ſee no diffe- 'rence betwixt death and parting with 'Henry. Indeed I cannot, Sir; I 'have tried, but I cannot; pray, do not 'hate me for it. I wiſh not to be any 'longer a burden to my poor ſiſter, to 'good Madam Felix, nor to you, who 'have done ſo much for me. When 'you ſhall receive this letter, I ſhall be 'a long way from Salenches, and I ſhall 'return no more. I have contrived a

'means

'means of living, without going to ſer-
'vice, without incurring any riſque of
'my virtue, which you have made me
'to revere. Be compoſed, in this point,
'my dear Sir, I entreat you. I de-
'part without the knowledge of Madam
'Felix; ſhe, I know, would detain me,
'and I might not have the courage to
'reſiſt her importunity. I leave in the
'drawer of my little table forty-five
'livres, which I owe her for my laſt
'quarter. I beg you will give them to
'her, ſaying, that I ſhall always regret,
'and always bleſs her. With reſpect
'to yourſelf, deareſt Sir, God himſelf
'muſt bleſs you, for you are his image
'upon earth. After him, I honour you
'moſt, moſt reverence, and beſt love
'you.

CLAUDINA.'

"After ſealing this letter, ſhe left it on the table, made up her bundle, and tied in a corner of her handkerchief the twenty crowns which remained, and, taking Henry in her arms, ſhe left Salenches.

"She took the road to Geneva, ſlept at Bonneville, for little Henry would not allow her to go very faſt; the ſecond day ſhe came to Geneva. Her firſt care was to diſpoſe of every thing ſhe had, linen, &c. and purchaſe three men's ſhirts, leather ſhoes, breeches, and a brown coat, a coloured ſilk handkerchief for her neck, and a red bonnet. She cut off her charming dark hair, which ſhe ſold to a peruke-maker, made her a leathern knapſack, in which ſhe put her baggage. Taking the diamond ring from her finger, which ſhe had never laid aſide, ſhe tied it with a ſtring round her neck, and hid it in her boſom.

Thus

Thus habited like a young Savoyard, with a ſtick in her hand, her knapſack on her ſhoulders, and Henry ſitting aſtride upon it, keeping his little arms round her neck, Claudina left Geneva, and went towards Turin. She was twelve days paſſing the mountains, without meeting with any accident; on the contrary, at the inns where ſhe dined or ſlept, the age and perſon of the little Savoyard, the infant at her back, whom ſhe called her brother, intereſted every body in her favour. The travellers were every where kindly treated; and when Claudina, in the morning, paid her reckoning, they took leſs of her than of any body elſe. Sometimes they only entreated her to ſing the famous ſong of her country, Claudina, inſtantly, without farther importunity, would, in a ſweet and impreſſive voice, begin that popular

popular air, only changing a few of the words.

"Her journey, of courſe, was not very expenſive: when ſhe arrived at Turin, ſhe had ſtill ſome money left. She hired a ſmall room at the top of the houſe, in an inn; ſhe bought the trifling furniture ſhe wanted, a chair, ſome bruſhes, and a bottle of oil; and, followed by Henry, who was never out of her ſight, ſhe went under the name of Claude, to the ſquare of the Palais Royal, to black ſhoes.

"At firſt ſhe got no great matter; ſhe was aukward enough, and a long time in earning a penny; but ſhe ſoon became expert, and things went on better.—Claude, ſenſible, alert, good-humoured, was often ſent on errands. During her abſence, Henry ſat on the ſtool to guard it. If any one had a letter or parcel to ſend, a box to carry up ſtairs, or bottles

to

to remove into a cellar, Claude was ſure to be employed. All the ſervants, porters, and cooks, treated him with particular confidence; and in the evening, Claude often carried home a crown, which he had earned.

"This happy mode of life continued ſomewhat more than two years, when one day, Claudina and her boy being in the ſquare of the Palais Royal, and ſtooping to the ground to arrange their matters, a foot was put out on the ſtool. Claudina inſtantly took her bruſh, and without looking at the owner of the ſhoe, ſhe began readily her office. After bruſhing for ſome time, ſhe raiſed her head—her bruſh fell from her hands!—ſhe was petrified. It was Mr. Bradford, whom ſhe recognized. Her little Henry, who had no diſcompoſure, took up the bruſh, and with his little hand took the place of Claudina, who ſtill continued motionleſs,

motionleſs, with her eyes fixed upon the young Engliſhman. Bradford, in ſurprize, aſked why ſhe ſtopped, and laughed at the efforts of the boy, whoſe appearance pleaſed him. Claudina reſumed her ſpirits, excuſed herſelf to Mr. Bradford in words ſo ſweet and ſo well choſen that the Engliſhman, ſtill more aſtoniſhed, began to aſk her ſome queſtions concerning her country and ſituation. Claudina replied with compoſure, that ſhe and her brother were two orphans who gained a livelihood in the manner he ſaw them; and that they were both born in the vale of Chamouny. This name electrified Mr. Bradford; he looked attentively at Claudina; and thinking he ſaw ſome reſemblance to features he had not forgotten, aſked her name. 'My name is Claude,' was the anſwer. 'And are you of Chamouny?'—'Yes, Sir, of the village called the Priory.'—'Hav

Have you another brother?'—'No, Sir, only this Henry.'—'Have you a ſiſter?'—'Yes, Sir,'—'What is her name?'—Claudina,'—'Claudina!'—'Yes, Sir.'—Where is ſhe?'—'I do not know.'—How can that be?'—For many reaſons, Sir, which can be of no importance to you, but which grieve me to the heart.' Her eyes were now full of tears. Mr. Bradford gazed upon her in ſilence. Claudina told him ſhe had finiſhed. Bradford, who did not ſtir, took a guinea from his pocket, and gave it her with a penſive air. 'I have no change,' ſaid Claudina.—'Keep it all,' ſaid the Engliſhman, 'and mind what I ſay: would you wiſh to exchange your preſent ſituation for a better?'—That cannot be, Sir.'—'Why not?'—Becauſe nothing ſhall induce me to leave my brother.'—'But if he was with you?'—'That, indeed, would be

'different.'

'different.'—'Well, Claud, you ſhall
'live with me; I take you into my ſer-
'vice. You ſhall be happy in my fa-
'mily, where your brother alſo ſhall
'dwell.'—'Sir,' replied Claudina, much
agitated, 'have the goodneſs to give
'me your addreſs, I will wait upon you
'in the morning.' Mr. Bradford tore
off the direction of a letter, made her
promiſe not to fail coming, went away
often turning to look back.

"It was neceſſary for Claudina that this
interview ſhould terminate, for her tears
almoſt choaked her. She made haſte
home, and ſhut herſelf up to deliberate
what ſhe ought to do. It ſeemed very
perilous for her to enter into the ſervice
of the young Engliſhman, yet her heart
called her there, and the deſire of finding
a father for Henry was another powerful
motive. On the other ſide, the manner
in which Bradford had deluded her, the

promi

promiſe ſhe had made the curate of Sa-
enches as well as herſelf, to fly every
hing which might menace her virtue,
nade her yet deliberate, but the intereſt
f Henry proved the ſtrongeſt. Clau-
ina, after much ſerious reflection, re-
olved to go to Mr. Bradford, to ſerve
im with zeal, to intereſt him in behalf
f her ſon, but carefully to conceal from
im that ſhe was the very Claudina
hom he appeared to remember. She
ien repented that ſhe had ſaid ſo much,
nd determined not to ſay a ſingle word
hat might convey any confirmation to
e Engliſhman of what ſhe wiſhed to
onceal.

"THIS reſolution made, on the morrow
e repaired to Mr. Bradford, and was
ry kindly received. The Engliſhman
greed to give her great wages, placing
lenry in the ſame apartment, and di-
cted that both ſhould immediately have

new

new clothes. After this beginning, Mr. Bradford wiſhed to reſume the conver-ſation of yeſterday, and interrogated his new domeſtic concerning the ſiſter of whom he had ſpoken. But Claudina in-terrupted him: 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'my 'ſiſter is dead; ſhe muſt have died of 'miſery, ſorrow, and repentance. All 'our family have bewailed her loſs, and 'they who are not our relations have, 'perhaps, no right to remind us of our 'ſorrows.' Bradford, more ſurpriſed than ever at the accent and ſpirit of Claude, did not repeat his queſtions; but he conceived a real eſteem and ſin-cere friendſhip for this ſingular young perſon.

CLAUDE ſoon became the favourite of his maſter. The little Henry, toward whom Mr. Bradford found himſelf at-tracted by an involuntary charm, was al-ways with him, he was always making him preſents

preſents. The amiable boy, who ſeemed to feel that he owed his life to Mr. Bradford, loved him almoſt as much as he did Claudina: this in a manner ſeemed a reciprocal affection. Claudina wept with joy; but ſhe concealed her tears, and redoubled her care, that ſhe might not be diſcovered. The diſſipation of Bradford, his connections and amours with a number of females in Turin, afflicted the heart of Claudina, and made her apprehend that the proper time to diſcover herſelf would never arrive.

"Mr. Bradford, indeed, whom the death of his parents, at the age of nineteen, had left in the poſſeſſion of an immenſe fortune, had ſpent it in running over Italy, ſtopping wherever he thought proper; that is to ſay, where he found women agreeable to him, whom he deluded and ruined. A woman of faſhion at Turin, not very young, but ſtill hand-

ſome, was now his miſtreſs. This lady, lively and animated, was very jealous of Bradford. She inſiſted upon his ſupping with her every evening, and writing to her every morning. The Engliſhman dared not omit either, but ſtill had frequent quarrels and ruptures. For every trifle the lady vowed to kill herſelf, would ſeize a knife, weep, tear her hair, and play a number of tricks, which at length began to weary Mr. Bradford.—Claude was a witneſs of all this, for every evening ſhe attended her maſter, waited at table, and in the morning carried his letters to the lady. Her little heart ſuffered enough, but ſhe ſuffered without complaining. She obeyed Mr. Bradford, who every day ſhewed her more confidence, and often complained to her of the irkſome and fatiguing life which he led. Claude, on this, ventured to intimate a little advice, partly in a gay,

partly

partly in a ſerious tone, which the maſter liſtened to with approbation, promiſing to practiſe them in the morning. The morning came: Mr. Bradford reviſited the lady, more from habit than from love; and Claude, who wept in ſecret, often aſſumed a cheerfulneſs in accompanying her maſter. Some months paſſed in this manner, when at length ſo ſerious a diſpute happened betwixt the Engliſhman and the lady, that the former, determining never to ſee her again, connected himſelf, for this very purpoſe, with another female, not much better than her he had forſaken. In this change Claudina found but new occaſion of grief. All that ſhe had ſaid, and all that ſhe had done, was to begin again. She reſigned herſelf, however, to this without a murmur: always equally ſubmiſſive, equally gentle, equally attached to

her maſter, liſtened to his new ſecret, and ſerved him with the ſame fidelity.

" But the Marchioneſs was not inclined ſo eaſily to reſign the heart of the Engliſhman. She placed ſpies upon him, ſoon diſcovered her new rival, and reſolved to do every thing to bring back or puniſh Mr. Bradford: ſhe conſequently exhauſted all the reſources of cunning and intrigue, to bring him back again: but her efforts were in vain:—the Engliſhman never anſwered her letters, refuſed her appointments, and laughed at her threats. The Marchioneſs, in deſpair, thought only of revenge.

" One day when, according to cuſtom, Mr. Bradford, followed by Claudina, was at a late hour leaving his new miſtreſs, with whom he was already diſguſted, and was ſaying to his faithful Claude,

Claude, that he had a great deſire to return to London, ſuddenly four bravoes, at the turn of a ſtreet, ruſhed upon him with daggers: he had only time to throw himſelf againſt the wall and draw his ſword. Claudina, at ſight of the aſſaſſins, threw herſelf before her maſter, and received in her breaſt the wound aimed at Mr. Bradford. She immediately fell. The Engliſhman, with great fury, ruſhed upon him who had given the wound, threw him on his back, and attacked the others with ſo much vivacity, that all of them fled. He did not purſue them. He returned to his domeſtic, raiſed, embraced, and tenderly called upon him: but Claudina anſwered not. She had fainted! Mr. Bradford took him in his arms, and carried him to his lodgings, which were at hand, and laid him on his own bed. Whilſt all his domeſtics, at his command, ran eagerly to get a ſur-

geon, Mr. Bradford, anxious to ſee whether the wound was dangerous, unbuttoned Claudina's waiſtcoat, drew aſide his ſhirt, wet with blood, and beheld, with amazement, the boſom of a woman! At this moment the ſurgeon arrived: he examined the wound. It was not mortal. The poniard had been ſtopped by a bone: but Claudina did not yet come to herſelf. They dreſſed her, and applied ſalts to her; in doing which, Mr. Bradford, who ſtooped her head, perceived a ribbon hanging to her neck; he took it up, and ſaw a ring: it was his own, the ſame which, on Monte Verde, he had given the lovely girl he had ſo cruelly deluded and forſaken. He called a female to undreſs Claudina, and put her to bed; and the poor girl, as ſoon as ſhe recollected herſelf, looked, with eyes of aſtoniſhment, at the maid, the ſurgeon, her maſter, and on Henry, who,

who, awakened by the noiſe, had riſen, half naked, to run to her brother, whom he embraced, with many lamentations.

" THE firſt effort of Claudina was to conſole Henry: at length remembering what had happened, ſeeing herſelf in bed, reflecting with uneaſineſs that ſhe had been undreſſed, ſhe carried, with emotion, her hand to the ribbon where was her ring. Bradford, who watched her, ſaw in her eyes the pleaſure ſhe felt in finding it was there — he made every one go out of the room, and, throwing himſelf on his knees near the bed, he took Claudina's hand.

" 'COMPOSE yourſelf, I entreat you: 'I am acquainted with every thing, and 'it will be for the happineſs of us both. 'You are Claudina, and I have been a 'monſter! I have only one means of 'ceaſing to be ſo; this you only can af-'ford me. I already owe you my life,

'I would now owe you my honour — I 'repeat it, my honour. It is I who have 'loſt this, and not you. Your wound is 'not dangerous! You will ſoon be well. 'As ſoon as you can go abroad you 'ſhall, at the altar, give me the name 'of huſband, and pardon me the hi-'deous offence for which I cannot par-'don myſelf. This union, which on 'my knees I implore, muſt ennoble me 'in the eyes of all who reverence vir-'tue. I have long, Claudina, been for-'getful of that virtue; but it will be 'ſtill dearer to me, ſince it is you who 'reſtores it to my heart.' Gueſs the aſtoniſhment, the joy, the tranſports of Claudina! She would have ſpoken, but her tears prevented her. She perceived little Henry, who had alſo quitted the room, but who, in anxiety for his brother, had gently opened again the door, and was peeping to ſee what was doing

in

in the apartment. Claudina pointed him out to Mr. Bradford, and ſaid, 'Behold 'your ſon! he will anſwer you better 'than I can.' The Engliſhman caught him in his arms, and devoured him with kiſſes; and, carrying him to his brother, he ſpent the remainder of the night betwixt his intended wife and his boy, with a delight he had never before experienced.

"In about fifteen days Claudina was perfectly recovered. She had informed Bradford of all that had happened: the tale had rendered her ſtill dearer to the Engliſhman, who became more enamoured of her than at his firſt interview. As ſoon as ſhe could bear the journey, Claudina, in a female dreſs, equally modeſt and becoming, went into a carriage, accompanied by Bradford and little Henry; and all three, as had been previouſly determined, went to Salenches

lenches to the houſe of the curate. The good paſtor did not remember Claudina, and the Engliſhman was for ſome time amuſed at his perplexity. At length, Claudina embracing him, reminded him of his kindneſs to her, and informed him for what purpoſe they were come. The curate returned thanks to heaven; he ran to find Madam Felix, who was ſtill alive, and who was overcome with joy at ſeeing Claudina and Henry. The next day they all proceeded together to Chamouny; where Bradford, who was a Catholic, choſe that his marriage ſhould be publickly celebrated in the pariſh church of the priory.

"In the evening of their arrival, the Engliſhman ſent the curate of Salenches to the auſtere Simon, to aſk his conſent to the marriage. The old man received him with much gravity, heard him without any emotions of gladneſs, and anſwered

ſwered but by two or three words, in which he teſtified his conſent. Claudina came to throw herſelf at his feet: the old man did not immediately raiſe her, and when he did, it was not very cordially; he embraced her, indeed, but without warmth, and coldly ſaluted Mr. Bradford. The amiable Nannette, who was immediately ſent for, on the arrival of Claudina, laughed and cried by turns. When they were proceeding to the church, ſhe took Henry in one hand, and her ſiſter in the other. The two curates went before, old Madam Felix behind, with Simon, whom ſhe ſcolded all the way; and all the children of the village, followed them with ſongs of joy!

" When come to the church, the ceremony was performed by the curate of Salenches, by deſire of him of Chamouny.

mouny. The marriage was cheerful and happy, and all the village danced and ſung for eight days continually. Mr. Bradford had tables covered in the meadows, and along the banks of the river, where every one feaſted that thought proper. He bought ſome lands for old Simon, who refuſed to accept them, and was inclined to quarrel with the curate for urging it. Nannette was not ſo difficult; ſhe took the land, with a comfortable houſe, which Bradford alſo gave her, and is at preſent, the richeſt and happieſt woman in our village. The married couple left us, after ſtaying a month, and they were followed by the bleſſings of us all. They are now in London, where Henry has five or ſix brothers and ſiſters.

" THIS is their ſtory; I could not make it ſhorter, for I have told it you almoſt

almoſt in the words of our curate, from whom I have often heard it. I ſhall be ſorry if it has not entertained you."

I WAS very thankful to Francis Paccard, and aſſured him, that his tale had greatly intereſted me. I left Monte Verde, with nothing but Claudina in my thoughts; and, at my return to Geneva, wrote the ſtory as it was told me by Paccard, without attempting to correct the faults of ſentiment and ſtyle, which will not eſcape the critics.

ZULBAR;

ZULBAR;

AN

INDIAN TALE.

THE following tale, to which I have made no addition, was given me by one of Tippoo Saib's ambaſſadors;—an obliging man enough, but ſomewhat of a miſanthrope. I give it a place here, as a mark of gratitude to the ingenuous Indian, who loſt much time in tranſlating it for me.

'MAN, perfidious and baſe, ſhall no 'longer deceive me. Too long have I 'worſhipped

'worſhipped the falſe virtues he aſſumes;
'too long, in order to believe him good,
'I have been blind to his actions, and
'only liſtened to his voice. I was very
'aſſiduous in admiring him at theſe ſhort
'intervals, when he took pains to ap-
'pear eſtimable, and ſaw him not in theſe
'continued periods, when he was actu-
'ally otherwiſe. I am now weary of ob-
'ſerving that long ſeries of falſehood, ſo
'obvious after mixing with the world. I
'can ſee nothing but what is really con-
'temptible in that ſociety of animals, at
'once proud and mean, envious and diſ-
'dainful; influenced, at the ſame time,
'by a deſire of praiſe, and a careleſſneſs
'with reſpect to virtue,—by the love of
'indolence, and the neceſſity of being
'active: they diſtreſs themſelves to be-
'guile their time, and torment themſelves
'in order to live. Nature, who has
'treated them as they deſerve, has con-

'demned

'demned them to a croud of evils: but 'theſe evils are not ſufficient for them; 'they have combined amongſt each other, 'to invent a thouſand more, in hopes that 'their neighbours may endure them; and 'of all their agreements, this is the only 'one, which they have not violated.

'But why all theſe vain complaints! 'I reſemble that vile ſlave, whom his 'maſter ſent into a wretched inn.—'If "you fare well,' ſaid he, 'wait for "me; in a few days, be certain that I "ſhall come to take you away. If you "fare ill, nothing hinders your going "away without me.'—'The ſlave waited 'in much diſtreſs, but the fooliſh fellow 'could find no way to get out.'

Thus it was that Zulbar ſpoke; who, though young, had experienced injuſtice and ingratitude. He was then in an extenſive foreſt, in ſolitude and ſilence. A formidable ſtorm harrowed up the ground

ground with torrents of rain and hail: gleams of lightning, at intervals, illuminated the gloomy foliage. The thunder roared at a diſtance; and the wretched Zulbar, fatigued and wet, exiled from his country, a fugitive, in rags, wandered with a ſlow ſtep, with his head bent down beneath the ſhade of the cocoa-trees. On a ſudden, in a paroxyſm of deſpair, he ſtopped, drew his poniard, and lifted his arm to ſtab himſelf, when a voice exclaimed,—"Reverence thy life, "thou mayeſt render me ſervice!"

'Ah,' ſaid he, 'I am weary of being 'ſerviceable, I have found too much in-'gratitude.' Nevertheleſs, having ſaid this, he had dropped his dagger; and, by an involuntary movement, advanced towards the place where the voice proceeded. Seeing no perſon near him, 'Where are you!' he exclaimed, 'ap-'pear inſtantly!—what is it you want?'

"I WANT you," replied the voice, "to "ſtoop to the foot of this buſh of wild "roſes. Look carefully on the ground, "and remove this roſe-leaf, the weight "of which hinders me from moving."

ZULBAR, in amazement, looked on the ground, diſcovered the roſe-leaf, and removing it with the point of his dagger, which he ſtill held in his hand, ſaw an ant, which, ſhaking off the rain with which it was oppreſſed, made an effort with its wings to place itſelf at the feet of Zulbar. It thus addreſſed him:

'GENEROUS ſtranger, I thank you. 'During a whole hour, that I have been 'under that leaf, I have only been able 'to diſengage my head. Without your 'charitable aid, I had, perhaps, loſt 'my life, which would have been diſa- 'greeable enough, as I am well ſatisfied 'with my condition. You do not ſeem 'very well contented with yours: I have

'heard

'heard your bitter complaints, and be-
'held you on the point of terminating
'your exiſtence. How agreeable will
'it be to me, my dear benefactor, to be
'inſtrumental in rendering your life
'more ſupportable.'—'And who are
'you, then!' replied Zulbar, more aſto-
niſhed than ever, 'how is it, that you are
'able to ſpeak and to reaſon.'—"You
"would be diſtreſſed enough," replied
the inſect, "were I to put that queſtion
"to you. Begin you by relating your
"calamities; my advice may, perhaps,
"be uſeful to you. By what you have
"uttered, it appears that you have great
"reaſon to complain of mankind. I am
"not at all ſurprized; they are almoſt
"all of them worthleſs, and yet I have
"always thought, that with a little care,
"it would be poſſible to elude their ma-
"lice. I have hardly ſeen an unfortu-

" nate perſon, who has not been the cauſe
" of his own miſeries."

'You are very ſevere,' anſwered the Indian, 'and you will doubtleſs prove 'to me that the leaf, under which you 'were oppreſſed, fell upon you through 'your own fault.'

SAYING this, Zulbar ſeated himſelf by the ant. The inſect, the better to hear him, climbed up a branch of the wild roſe. Zulbar thus began:

'I AM the ſon of a rich jeweller in 'the city of Tipra. My father, ſatiſ- 'fied with the fortune he had acquired 'by his induſtry, did not wiſh that I 'ſhould continue his profeſſion. He 'built a convenient and handſome houſe 'at a moderate diſtance from the capi- 'tal. He bought the lands which were 'contiguous, and left me, at the age of 'eighteen years, maſter of an eſtate,

'uniting

'uniting beauty with convenience;—
'a charming retreat, and plenty of
'ready money. I had a ſiſter younger
'than myſelf, of diſtinguiſhed beauty,
'but of a diſpoſition ſtill more amiable.
'She poſſeſſed whatever can conciliate
'affection, and had all the qualities
'which juſtify eſteem. Her name was
'Balkis, and we agreed never to forſake
'each other.

'Both of us affluent, much beyond
'our neceſſities, we determined to em-
'ploy our property in promoting the
'happineſs of others. Our houſe, open
'to our neighbours, to ſtrangers, and to
'travellers, was yet more particularly,
'the aſylum of the poor. Our princi-
'pal expences, were thoſe of benevo-
'lence and hoſpitality. My ſiſter's
'province laid in the diſtribution of
'alms in private, rendering aſſiſtance
'to the ſick and infirm, and in giving

'portions to young maidens who had 'not wherewithal to marry. It fell to 'me to provide work for thoſe who 'wanted bread, and to do the honours 'of our houſe to thoſe who were in-'clined to viſit us. On all public oc-'caſions, our villagers were ſure to find 'with us a plain, but plentiful repaſt, 'which was diſtributed to them in front 'of our manſion, and of which we our-'ſelves partook. We had alſo muſic, 'and danced together till the evening; 'and never did our gueſts leave us, till 'they crowned us with flowers, kiſſing 'our hands with tears of joy, and en-'treating heaven to watch over us.

'For four years I enjoyed this peace-'ful delight, of which one does not 'know the value till it is loſt: I wanted 'nothing, I wiſhed for nothing. I loved 'my ſiſter,—ſhe loved me in return. 'This pure friendſhip ſatisfied our 'hearts.

'hearts. I heard the name of Balkis 'bleſſed by thoſe who knew her, and 'Balkis ſometimes heard bleſſings pro-'nounced on her brother. This was 'our recompence, and the moſt affec-'tionate method of making return for 'our benevolence. Of all mankind, I 'was doubtleſs the happieſt, when, one 'morning, I received a viſit from a 'young Faquir in our neighbourhood, 'who came to us every week to recruit 'his ſtock of proviſions.

"ZULBAR,' ſays he, 'have you "heard the news?"—'No,' I replied, 'what has happened?"—'The queen "of Tipra is dead. The king has "publiſhed an edict, by which all the "maidens of his kingdom, from ſixteen "to twenty years old, are obliged to "meet in a large plain near his capital. "In the midſt of this plain, is a narrow "path of the fineſt ſand, upon which,

" with the extremity of a wand, myſte-
" rious characters are traced. All the
" young women, by turns, are to run
" over this path; and ſhe, whoſe ſwift
" feet ſhall not obliterate one of theſe
" myſterious characters, is to be queen
" of Tipra.'—' What is it to me, I
' replied, if the king ſhall ſelect for his
' wife the ſwifteſt of his ſubjects?'—
" How,' returned the Faquir, ' will
" you diſobey the king; muſt not your
" ſiſter Balkis alſo appear at the plain.
" Her virtues deſerve from heaven to
" be placed upon the throne. Think
" of the glory which muſt follow, and
" of all the good ſhe will be able to
" do. Reflect how her brother Zulbar,
" whoſe wiſdom and talents are buried
" in this miſerable village, will ſoon
" perhaps employ, for the felicity of a
" whole nation, thoſe talents, an account
" of which he owes to God. Remem-
" ber,

" ber, alſo, that religion and morality
" forbid your oppoſing the deſigns of
" heaven.'

'THIS converſation threw me into a
' profound reverie. My tenderneſs for
' Balkis, my hope of ſeeing her on a
' throne, of which I knew her to be
' worthy; the certainty of the happineſs
' ſhe would procure to her ſubjects;
' the deſire'————" Of being her
" miniſter," interrupted the inſect.—
" This is the motive which decided you,
" though, perhaps, you did not dare to
" ſay ſo. Ah! I am not unacquainted
" with the value of thoſe diſintereſted
" ſentiments which ſelf-love conceals,
" by which we hide from ourſelves
" our ambition and our vanity. You
" remind me of a certain fox I one day
" ſaw in a trap.'—' See,' ſaid he to me,
" in a complaining voice, ' what I ſuffer
" from loving my brethren. Paſſing

" near

" near this machine, I feared that the " bait which it contained, might allure " ſome innocent fox to its deſtruction. " I wiſhed to take away this treacherous " bait, and the trap has fallen on " myſelf.'

" I SHALL ſay no more Zulbar, I ſee " that you are unhappy enough; I beg " you will reſume your ſtory."

'IT ſhould ſeem that you already 'knew it,' returned the melancholy Indian. 'I conducted my ſiſter to the 'plain, and ſhe it was whom the king 'preferred.

'FROM this moment ſhe became 'miſtreſs of the kingdom, and diſpoſed 'of all employments. Myſelf loaded 'with honours, courted, feaſted, anti-'cipated in my wiſhes, I ſaw myſelf the 'idol of the court, and the object of 'univerſal veneration. I was young, 'rich, credulous, and the brother of the

'favourite.

'favourite. The grandees and the 'courtiers thronged around me, heaped 'careſſes upon me, and eagerly con-'tended for my friendſhip. I was not 'avaricious; I believed myſelf beloved, 'and my affections were expanded. I 'divided without reſerve, amongſt my 'new friends, my effects, my credit, and 'my wealth. I diſpoſed of all my land 'to beſtow on them its value. I inceſ-'ſantly importuned my ſiſter to attain 'for them what they wanted, and be-'lieved myſelf ſufficiently repaid for 'my trouble, and indeed my ruin, by 'the extreme gratitude of thoſe whom 'I obliged, by the encomiums they 'heaped upon me, and by the lively 'ſenſibility they witneſſed towards me.

'Such repeated praiſes, and ſuch 'numerous friends, at length embol-'dened my ſiſter to obtain for me the 'poſt of vizier. All the court applauded

'the

‘ the choice; I was more praiſed, more
‘ courted than ever. They already
‘ commended the ſucceſs which attend-
‘ ed my adminiſtration: they talked
‘ only of my glory: and having always
‘ heard myſelf extolled as a being of
‘ ſuperior order, I at length believed
‘ myſelf ſuch, and reſolved ſo to prove
‘ myſelf. I exerted all my talents—I
‘ employed all my time, to properly re-
‘ gulating the affairs of the kingdom, to
‘ render it more flouriſhing, and to di-
‘ miniſh the burdens of the people.
‘ Till now I had been prodigal of my
‘ own property, I became careful of
‘ that of the king. I retrenched nume-
‘ rous abuſes, I only recompenſed real
‘ ſervices; and at the ſame period, I
‘ had the opportunity of ſeeing the pub-
‘ lic treaſure doubled, and half the taxes
‘ removed. By this event, I hoped to
‘ juſtify the good opinion which was en-
‘ tertained

‘ tertained of me. I preſumed that this
‘ conduct would render my faithful
‘ friends a thouſand times happier than
‘ myſelf. But I had no longer any
‘ friends. They murmured openly
‘ againſt me. Cabals were formed to
‘ drive me from my poſt. They,
‘ amongſt whom I had divided my ef-
‘ fects, were the moſt active to do me
‘ injury. Above all, the Faquir,—the
‘ young Faquir, whoſe deſtructive ad-
‘ vice firſt led me to court; and whom,
‘ by way of recompence, I had made
‘ the chief of our prieſts, was at the
‘ head of my enemies. The king him-
‘ ſelf every day treated me with increaſing
‘ coldneſs. The better I ſerved him, the
‘ leſs he loved me. I was hated by the
‘ court and by the city. Every one
‘ conſpired towards my ruin, and with-
‘ out the protection of Balkis, my per-

‘ ſecutors

' ſecutors would have accompliſhed my
' periſhing on a ſcaffold.

' ONE idea alone conſoled me; it was,
' that the people were happier than they
' had ever before been under my prede-
' ceſſors, although the grandees ſtill op-
' preſſed them. The impunity thoſe
' perſonages enjoyed, had induced them
' to believe that the laws were not made
' for them. I took an opportunity of
' undeceiving them. The officer of the
' police came one morning to inform
' me, that two young noblemen, having
' the evening before quarrelled with a
' poor taylor, had beaten him with their
' canes till they left him dead upon the
' ſpot. Immediately I ſent for the two
' nobles, heard them acknowledge their
' crime, pointed out to them the law
' which condemned them, and ordered
' them to be delivered to the elephants.

' THIS

'THIS act of juſtice, of which they 'had never before ſeen an inſtance, ex-'aſperated all the court. My ſiſter had 'great difficulty to preſerve my life; 'but I became the idol of the people, 'who called me their friend and their 'father; and believed, becauſe they had 'ſeen me their friend when they were 'injured, that I ſhould continue ſo, 'even if they became injurious. The 'day following two taylors quarrelled 'with a noble, and beat him with their 'clubs till he expired under their blows. 'I ſent immediately for the two offen-'ders, heard them alſo confeſs their 'crime, ſhewed them the law which 'condemned them, and commanded 'them to be delivered to the elephants.

'FROM this moment I was execrated 'by thoſe, who the day before had 'adored me; and becauſe I had no ſiſ-'ter who could appeaſe every one of

'this

‘ this furious mob, an immenſe crowd
‘ hurried to my palace, carrying with
‘ them fire and ſword. My former
‘ friends ſhewed them the way,—my
‘ ſlaves opened to them the gates,—my
‘ wives ſhewed them my apartment. I
‘ had barely time to withdraw myſelf
‘ by a ſubterraneous path, which brought
‘ me to the fields. I changed my dreſs
‘ with a mendicant, and haſtened to
‘ conceal myſelf in the depth of the fo-
‘ reſt. Soon, in ſpite of every peril,
‘ my tender friendſhip for my ſiſter, car-
‘ ried me back to the city. I heard a
‘ public crier promiſe a thouſand pieces
‘ of gold to whoever ſhould produce
‘ my head. I was informed that Balkis,
‘ repudiated by the king, was driven in
‘ baniſhment from his dominions. Diſ-
‘ guiſed in theſe tatters, I followed, at a
‘ diſtance, the footſteps of my ſiſter. I
wandered from deſart to deſart, pro-
‘ ceeding

'ceeding only by night, and hiding
'myſelf by day; not venturing to ap-
'proach any villages, except to ſolicit
'alms. Alas! I was refuſed theſe at
'the door of my own houſe. I bathed
'with my tears of hunger, the ſteps of
'my ancient reſidence; and I thought
'to have died of famine before that
'aſylum, which had ſo often been un-
'folded to misfortune. At length,
'compelled by fatigue, after having a
'hundred times braved death—after
'drinking the very dregs of the cup of
'infamy, I left the kingdom of Tipra,
'but I have never yet met with Balkis.
'I perceive that I cannot exiſt in her
'abſence; and, had it not been for you,
'a ſtroke of my dagger would have de-
'livered me from theſe accumulated
'evils. Do you ſtill think that they
'were merited?

 "Yes,"

" YES," replied the inſect. " Why
" did you truſt the Faquir who extolled
" your talents? Why bring your ſiſter
" to the preſence of the king? Why
" accept the office of vizier? If I
" thought proper I might propoſe to
" you a number of ſimilar queſtions.
" You knew not then, my friend, that
" there is but one good in the world—
" that is Obſcurity! Obſcurity! that
" divine bleſſing, which Brama grants
" to his favourites alone. Obſcurity!
" the ſource of eaſe, and the origin of
" every felicity! You once poſſeſſed
" this, unthinking man, and took great
" pains to loſe the ineſtimable benefit.
" You tortured yourſelf, to furniſh for-
" tune with the means of torturing you
" alſo. I was not born, it muſt be ac-
" knowledged, with all the advantages
" which nature conferred on you. I

" was

" was the eldeſt ſon of the ſovereign of
" Baghnagour, and was the heir of his
" crown; and, but for a Bramin, who
" was my friend, muſt have had that
" misfortune. This Bramin, whoſe name
" was Dabchelim, taught me, in an
" auſpicious hour, wiſdom! a ſtudy
" which is ſuppoſed to be difficult, te-
" dious, painful, and complicated; and
" yet, it conſiſts but in two ſimple
" maxims — to do no evil, and to live
" in ſolitude.

" At the age of ſeventeen years, my
" rank, my grandeur, and the throne
" which ſo nearly threatened me, were
" the objects of my averſion. I began
" to know mankind. I ſaw my country
" torn in pieces by a civil war, the moſt
" bloody and moſt terrible that had ever
" been ſeen on the banks of the Ganges.
" The motive of this horrid war was
" nothing elſe than the privilege claimed

" by a certain Caſt, to wear pointed caps.
" The other Caſt inſiſted that all, with-
" out diſtinction, ſhould wear round
" caps. —— Theſe furious blockheads
" burned the harveſts and villages, mur-
" dered their parents and their bre-
" thren; the one ſtill to wear theſe
" caps, which had always given them
" the head-ach: the others, to deprive
" them of this cap, which they derided
" aloud, but ſecretly envied.

" Such ferocity of pride, and per-
" verſeneſs of folly, inſpired me with
" all that contempt for mankind which
" they deſerved, together with that pity
" of their debaſement which one of their
" own race muſt in duty feel. I reſolved
" to fly from them, to conceal myſelf in
" the extremity of the world in order to
" avoid the miſery of living with ſuch
" wicked fools. My father died, and
" the ſame day, leaving an authentic

" paper,

" paper, by which I ceded to my bro-
" ther my crown and my claims, I de-
" parted, with Dabchelim, and we came
" both of us to fix our abode in this ſi-
" lent foreſt, which is fuller of myſtery
" than you imagine.

" HERE we conſtructed a hut, we
" made a garden, in which we planted
" trees, that were to yield us our ſuſ-
" tenance — we cultivated the earth, and
" our tranquil days were occupied alone
" by virtue, labour, and friendſhip.—
" Here we lived an hundred years, with-
" out ſorrow or ſickneſs, free alike from
" fears and vain hopes; forgotten, and
" unknown; from ourſelves and by our-
" ſelves, enjoying that repoſe which is
" the firſt of bleſſings; that delicious
" peace, which the race of men never
" can diſcover; that ſweet but animated
" friendſhip, which ſolitude increaſes,
" which is a ſubſtitute for all that we

" have not, embelliſhes every pleaſure
" which it divides, as well as thoſe for
" which it is a repreſentative! Happy
" indeed we were! The century to which
" our lives were prolonged, ſeemed but
" a ſhort moment! Our long white
" beards warned us that we were ap-
" proaching the term of our exiſtence,
" and our hearts and ſenſibilities were
" not yet grown old, when Brama, to
" compleat our felicity, appeared to us
" as we ſlept — Children of Adimo, ſaid
" he, you have known true happineſs!
" it is time that your pure ſouls ſhould
" be diſencumbered from the fleſh it has
" ſo long inhabited; it is time for it to
" animate ſome other portion of duſt,
" and commence the metamorphoſes to
" which Viſnou has ſubjected it. But
" you ſhall not be ſeparated from each
" other, and ſhall change your condition
" but not your manners. Revive to be

" always

« always happy, to love each other: to
« labour and to ſolitude. — At theſe
« words he diſappeared, and, inſtantly
« awaking, I found myſelf beneath a
« tuft of thyme, by the ſide of my friend,
« who, with myſelf, was become an ant.
« Delighted with our new ſtate, we con-
« templated, with gratitude, the faculty
« of retaining our ſentiments and taſtes,
« and to begin life anew, occupying a
« ſtill ſmaller portion of the world. We
« conſtructed our manſion beneath this
« tuft of thyme; we wandered round the
« vicinity of our new abode, and we
« learned that all the animals of this
« foreſt had been men like ourſelves;
« but happy or miſerable, puniſhed or
« rewarded, according to the good or
« evil they have done: the wicked, be-
« come reptiles, have no nutriment but
« their poiſon; the avaricious, changed
« into mice, periſh with hunger, amidſt

" their food: the envious transformed
" into waſps, die near a honeycomb:
" conquerors and warlike princes, all
" thoſe lovers of glory, who fill the earth
" with terror and with ſorrow, are become
" timid deer, themſelves the victims
" of fear, and condemned to expire be-
" neath the fangs of the tigers, often as
" they have cauſed ſoldiers to be ſlain,—
" whilſt good kings, changed into bees,
" faithful couples into doves, virtuous
" men into various kinds of birds, la-
" bour, love, and ſing as they did be-
" fore.

" Such are the inhabitants of this
" foreſt, which is called the Foreſt of
" Metamorphoſes. It is forty years
" ſince, with my beloved Dabchelim, I
" became an inſect. We have ſufficient
" for our common wants; and amongſt
" the animals of the foreſt, we have not
" deſired to contract any friendſhip, ex-

" cept

" cept with an old lion, called Darud.
" This union ſeems to ſurprize you; it
" is becauſe you know not, my friend,
" that when the ſoul is freed from its
" human encumbrance, it is no longer
" ſuſceptible of pride; it ſees no dif-
" ference betwixt matter, however dif-
" ferently animated: a lion and an ant
" are equal in her ſight, as they are in
" the ſight of Brama. This worthy
" and brave lion, whom we ſee almoſt
" every day, was formerly a common
" ſoldier, who fought ſixty years for his
" country,—who, for ſixty years was
" virtuous, honeſt, and valiant, but al-
" ways forgotten by his maſters,—they
" ſuffered him to die without promo-
" tion. Brama made him a lion. He
" it is who ſometimes devours conque-
" rors, the heads of factions, the diſ-
" turbers of the peace of nations, now
" become deer. He it is who avenges,

" after

" after having defended mankind. The
" good Darud came this morning to
" viſit us; I have left Dabchelim with
" him. I left our abode, in ſpite of the
" advice of my brother, who vainly
" repreſented to me, that, the leaves
" being wet, ſome accident might hap-
" pen to me. I did not believe him,
" and had got as far as this wild roſe. I
" tried to climb up one of the branches,
" but a leaf, overcharged with rain, fell
" off, and I along with it; without your
" aid it would have cruſhed me to
" pieces. Thus, you ſee again, Zulbar,
" that I met with this calamity from not
" having in mind the ſage maxim,—
" 'During a ſtorm, and a long time af-
" terwards, quit not the boſom of thy
" friend.'

" If you will become our friend,—
" if your misfortunes, as I believe they
" may have really diſguſted you againſt

" thoſe

" thoſe pernicious things, which fools
" only envy, I offer you, with all my
" heart, the hut which Dabchelim and I
" conſtructed. There your days will
" glide peacefully away; you will be
" tranquil and unknown. You may,
" perhaps, be happy in comprehending
" the force of that great truth I learned
" from Dabchelim:—'It is better to be
" ſilent than to ſpeak,—it is better to
" ſit than to ſtand,—it is better to
" ſleep than to be awake,—the ſove-
" reign good is death."

The ant was ſilent. Zulbar, more affected than ſurprized with his diſcourſe, accepted his offer with gratitude. The hope of ending his life in an obſcure retreat, unknown, filled his heart with tranſport; but the remembrance of Balkis cauſed his joy to be intermingled with grief. He proceeded on his way, with the inſect for his guide,

guide, in order to find Dabchelim; when, having advanced a little way, they heard a loud roar, which terrified Zulbar, and cauſed him to ſtop. "Be "not afraid," cried the ant, "it is our "friend Darud doing ſome act of juſ- "tice." They ſoon arrived at the tuft of thyme, where the two friends abode. The firſt object which caught the eye of Zulbar, was a woman who had fainted, near whom was a huge lion, having in his bloody fangs, the body of a man whom he had ſlain. Zulbar uttered a loud cry, and fled back; but in a moment he pauſed, and joy diſſipating his terrors, he ran forward to embrace Balkis. It was ſhe,---it was his ſiſter, who, conducted beyond the dominions of Tipra, had been followed by the ungrateful Faquir, whom Zulbar had introduced at court, and who a long time had been enamoured of his

ſiſter.

ſiſter. Alone, without aſſiſtance, in the midſt of a foreſt, joined by this villain, ſhe was about to become the victim of his brutality, when the lion Darud, running towards her cries, tore the Faquir in pieces; and then couching at the feet of Balkis, waited with impatience till the uſe of her ſenſes returned.

The care, the aſſiduity, and the voice of Zulbar ſoon reſtored her:--- ſhe opened her eyes, and recognized her brother, and, throwing herſelf into his arms, preſſed him a long time to her boſom; then turning to the lion, who regarded them both with a ſoftened eye, both of them hung round his neck, bathing his long mane with tears of gratitude; whilſt the two ants, moved at the ſcene, partook of their feelings, and enjoyed their happineſs.

Dabchelim

DABCHELIM and the venerable Darud were inſtructed by the firſt ant in the adventures of Zulbar; and promiſed him, as did the prince of Baghnagour, an eternal friendſhip. The brother and ſiſter were conducted by them to the hut where they were to reſide. Darud defended the entrance, whilſt Dabchelim and his friend reſided in the garden. Zulbar, and his beloved Balkis, at length, ſurrounded by reaſonable beings, were convinced, that to be happy, it was only neceſſary to have friends of approved fidelity, and a retreat, obſcure and unknown.

CAMIRA;

AN

AMERICAN TALE.

I WAS one day reproaching a Spaniard, lately arrived at Buenos-Ayres, with the horrid cruelties perpetrated by his countrymen, in their firſt conqueſts in America. I remembered, and with ſome degree of indignation, the crimes which tarniſhes the glory of Cortez, Pizarro, and other great characters, who otherwiſe, perhaps, by their talents and their valour, ſurpaſſed all that we admire in antiquity.

antiquity. I avowed myſelf unhappy, that an epoch, ſo fair and ſo glorious in the annals of Spain, ſhould be inſcribed on pages ſtained with blood.

THE Spaniard heard me with patient politeneſs; and ſome tears fell down his cheeks when I mentioned the name of La Caſas. 'That is our Fenelon,' he replied, 'he did not indeed write Te-'lemachus, but he wandered over both 'the Americas to ſave the lives of In-'dians: he croſſed the ſeas to vindicate 'their cauſe at the court of Charles the 'Vth. as your archbiſhop of Cambray 'did that of the Proteſtants whom you 'maſſacred in the mountains of Ceven-'nes. You were not leſs perſecutors 'towards the end of the reign of Louis 'the IVth. and what were we, what was 'Europe in the ſixteenth century, ever 'memorable by our extenſive diſcove-'ries, by the fine arts of Italy, by the

'new

'new ſects of Germany, and by the
'crimes of every country?—The Por-
'tugueſe, our neighbours, maſſacred
'alſo thoſe whom they conquered on
'the coaſt of Malabar, on the banks of
'Ceylon, and the peninſula of Malacca.
'The Dutch, who expelled theſe, were
'no leſs cruel. In Sweden, the hero
'of the north, and the archbiſhop of
'Upſal, murdered the ſenators and citi-
'zens of Stockholm. At London,
'piles were lighted up for the Luthe-
'rans; and they prepared the ſcaffold
'on which the blood of *four Engliſh
'queens was to be ſpilled. At Paris—
'doubtleſs you remember the name of
'the Guiſes, and the horrible night of
'the 24th of Auguſt, 1572. I ſhall
'ſay no more. Let us not reproach

* Anne Boleyne, Catherine Howard, Jane Grey, Mary Stuart.

 'each

'each other—we are all barbarians. 'Let us reſign to hiſtory the melancholy 'employment of commemorating the 'crimes of our anceſtors. Let us, if 'we can remember only their good 'actions, and ſpeak of them, that we 'may learn to imitate them.—You tell 'me of fearful details involved in the 'conqueſt of Peru: I know them but 'too well. Suffer me, however, in my 'turn, to relate to you the means by 'which we obtained Paraguay. This 'recital will be leſs painful, and you may 'perhaps hear ſome particular circum-'ſtances, which hiſtorians have not re-'ported.'

My only reply to this addreſs, being to liſten, the Spaniard continued in theſe words:—'You have had ſome 'knowledge from travellers of that vaſt 'but charming region, ſituate betwixt 'Chili, Peru, and Brazil. The mine-

'of

‘ of gold and ſilver which it contains,
‘ are the leaſt of its treaſures. The
‘ mildeſt of climates and the moſt fer-
‘ tile ſoil, noble rivers, immenſe foreſts,
‘ the produce of Europe combined with
‘ that of America; abundance of all
‘ kinds of fruits and of uſeful animals,
‘ cauſe the native of Paraguay to enjoy,
‘ almoſt without cultivation, thoſe bleſ-
‘ ſings which Nature has divided amongſt
‘ the reſt of mankind. Sebaſtian Cabot
‘ was the firſt who viſited this place in
‘ 1526, aſcending what is called the
‘ River de la Plata. The ingots of ſil-
‘ ver preſented by the natives to the
‘ Spaniards, ſoon attracted other navi-
‘ gators. They built Buenos-Ayres,
‘ and conſtructed ſome forts in the inte-
‘ rior parts of the country; and finally
‘ eſtabliſhed themſelves at the Aſſump-
‘ tion, on the river of Paraguay.

'THE natives, at ſight of our troops, 'abandoned the country. The Guara-'nis, in particular, a numerous and pow-'erful nation, had retired to inacceſſible 'mountains, the approach to which was 'utterly unknown to us. Many detach-'ments had endeavoured to penetrate to 'them; but our ſoldiers died with hun-'ger, or by the arrows of the ſavages. 'All communication was cut off betwixt 'the Spaniards and the Guaranis. Their 'lands remained uncultivated, and the 'colony, obliged to draw its ſuccours 'from Europe, could not proſper.

'IT was in this diſaſtrous ſituation at 'the beginning of the 17th century, 'when Don Fernando Pedreras was ſent 'them as governor. His character was 'by no means calculated to win the 'Guaranis.—Fierce and arbitrary, Pe-'dreras expected every thing to bend

'to

'to his wiſh:—jealous of his authority, 'and at all events determined to make 'his fortune;—avarice and pride occu- 'pied his heart. He was ſoon deteſted 'by the coloniſts; and the few Indians, 'who ſtill lingered to bring them pro- 'viſions, diſappeared to join the Gua- 'ranis.

'AMONGST the laſt miſſionaries who 'arrived at Buenos-Ayres, was an old 'Jeſuit, named Father Maldonado:— 'never was there a worthier prieſt,— 'never was the word of the God of 'Mercy delivered by purer lips. Nei- 'ther ambition nor remorſe had led him 'to the cloiſter. Maldonado,—pious 'from his childhood,—born with a mild 'diſpoſition,—zealous only for virtue,— 'who required nothing but peace and 'goodneſs, became a Jeſuit at the age 'of eighteen, to enjoy the firſt and pro- 'mote the latter. From this moment,

'his whole life was employed in sooth-
'ing human suffering,—in searching for
'the wretched, as an affectionate heart
'seeks after its friends. Possessed of an
'ample patrimony, the disposal of which
'his family left to himself; he had gra-
'dually disposed of it, by dividing it
'amongst the unfortunate; and when,
'in his sixtieth year, he found that no
'more remained, he entreated to be
'sent to America: 'I have no more to
"give,' he observed, 'and must leave
"a country in which I see so many poor
"brethren. At Peru all are rich, and
"the Indians have not the gospel: I
"will bear it to them; this is an ample
"treasure which I still have to commu-
"nicate.'

'On his arriving at Assumption, Fa-
'ther Maldonado was astonished that,
'instead of Indians whom he came to
'convert, he could find only Christians,
'whom

'whom he had to conſole. His zeal
'only became the more ardent. He
'was anxious to viſit the coloniſts;—he
'obtained their confidence—heard their
'complaints—ſoothed their ſufferings—
'and was their advocate with the in-
'flexible governor. The good Jeſuit
'was bleſſed by all, and reſpected by
'Pedreras himſelf, who, from the time
'of his arrival, became ſomewhat leſs
'rigorous. It is the property, and per-
'haps the recompence of virtue, to
'meliorate whatever it approaches.—
'One day, when Maldonado was walk-
'ing by himſelf, at ſome diſtance from
'the town, following the courſe of the
'river, he heard the noiſe of cries and
'groans, and ſaw on the banks, a naked
'child in diſtreſs, near a man ſtretched
'upon the ground. Maldonado ran to
'the child: he was about twelve or
'thirteen years old; his face was bathed

'in tears; he embraced, weeping, the 'body,—raiſed his feeble hands, and 'endeavoured to animate, by his kiſſes, 'the motionleſs body of a man of about 'forty, naked, as was the child, ſtained 'with mud, his hair wet and in diſorder, 'and bearing on his pale viſage, marks 'of continued ſuffering, and of a pain-'ful death.

'As ſoon as the child beheld the Je-'ſuit, he ran to him, fell at his knees, 'and embraced them eagerly and cloſely, 'regarding him with eyes which beſpoke 'piety, affection, and deſpair; and ad-'dreſſed him in ſome broken, inarticu-'late words, which, though the Jeſuit 'did not underſtand, from his ignorance 'of the language, by no means the leſs 'moved him to pity. He inſtantly 'raiſed the child, ſuffered himſelf to be 'led by him towards the body, which 'he examined, and perceived to be

'cold

'cold as ice. The unhappy youth 'looked eagerly at the Jeſuit,—was at-'tentive to what he did, and continued 'ſpeaking to him in his tongue. Judg-'ing by the looks and ſigns made by 'Maldonado, that all hope was gone, 'he threw himſelf on the dead body,— 'kiſſed it a thouſand times,—tore his 'hair, and ſtarting up, ran with violence 'to throw himſelf into the river.

'In ſpite of his age, Maldonado, 'ſtronger and more alert than the child, 'ſtopped and held him in his arms. 'He forgot that the young Indian could 'not underſtand him, and he endea-'voured to ſooth him by conciliating 'words. As he ſhed tears whilſt he 'ſpoke, the youth comprehended his 'meaning,—returned his careſſes,— 'pointing to the body,—and continually 'pronouncing the name of Alcaïpa,— 'and ſhewing the river, whilſt he ut-

'tered

'tered the name of Guacolda. He put 'his hand upon his heart, and bent to- 'wards Alcaïpa,—then ſtretched his 'arms towards the river, frequently re- 'peating the word Guacolda. Mal- 'donado could not but underſtand that 'the deceaſed was his father, and that 'his name was Alcaïpa; but he could 'not comprehend, why the child, in ex- 'tending his arms towards the river, 'ſhould repeat the word Guacolda.

'After ſome hours of uſeleſs en- 'deavour to perſuade the child to ac- 'company him to the town, Maldo- 'nado, determined not to leave him, 'fortunately ſaw a ſoldier who was paſ- 'ſing, and directed him to go to Aſ- 'ſumption and procure aſſiſtance. The 'ſoldier ſoon returned with the ſurgeon 'of the hoſpital, who, again examining 'the body, ſatisfied the Jeſuit that no 'life remained. At the requeſt of

'Maldonado,

'Maldonado, the ſurgeon and ſoldier 'dug a grave in the ſand, where they 'depoſited the body, whilſt the good 'Father attended to the child, who re-'doubled his cries and his tears.

'MALDONADO finally conducted to 'his houſe the young Indian: he heaped 'careſſes upon him, and giving him ſome 'food, with difficulty prevailed upon 'him to take ſome nouriſhment. The 'child ſeemed impreſſed with the good-'neſs of Maldonado; he often roſe to 'kiſs his hands, looked at him with ſor-'row, and renewed his tears. He 'paſſed the night without ſleep, and as 'ſoon as morning appeared, he made 'ſigns of his deſire to depart. Maldo-'nado went out with him. The youth 'directed his ſteps towards the ſpot 'where his father was interred: when 'he came there he threw himſelf on the 'grave,—kiſſed it a thouſand times, and

'remained

' remained proſtrate on the earth; then
' he went and threw himſelf on his
' knees on the banks of the river,—re-
' peated the ſame action,—and return-
' ing to the Jeſuit, lifted his eyes to hea-
' ven, and pronounced, in a ſorrowful
' tone, the names of Alcaïpa and Gua-
' colda;—ſignified by his geſtures that
' they exiſted no longer,—and embrac-
' ing Maldonado, intimated, that having
' loſt all that he poſſeſſed on earth, he
' now reſigned himſelf to his guidance.

' The youth was ſoon conciliated by
' the affectionate endearments of the
' good Father:—as mild as he was
' grateful, he delighted to obey him;
' he endeavoured to find out what he
' wiſhed, and immediately complied
' with it. He conſented to wear clothes;
' he accuſtomed himſelf with little re-
' luctance, to do many things which he
' did not comprehend—which, in reality,

' he

'he diſliked; a motion from his bene-
'factor ſufficed to make it agreeable.
'Born with great vivacity, and an ad-
'mirable memory, he ſoon learned
'enough of Spaniſh to underſtand and
'be underſtood by the Jeſuit. The
'firſt expreſſion he remembered,—and
'which impreſſed him the more, he
'underſtood its import, was that of
'*My Father*, uſed by every one in
'addreſſing Maldonado. 'My father,'
'he would ſay to him, 'I did not again
"expect to pronounce that term;—that
"happineſs I owe to you: I ſee, indeed,
"that you muſt be the beſt of men,
"ſince all agree in calling you Father.'
'Then it was, that being able to reply
'to the queſtions of the Jeſuit, he in-
'formed him of his birth and his miſ-
'fortunes: it was, indeed, on the very
'tomb of him whoſe loſs he always la-
'mented,

" mented, that the young Indian related
" what follows:—

" My name," ſays he, " is Camira:
" I am of the nation of the Guaranis,
" whom your brethren, the Spaniards,
" have expelled theſe charming plains,
" and who now inhabit the woods beyond
" thoſe blue mountains. I was the only
" child of Alcaïpa and Gualconda.—
" Whilſt they lived they were univerſally
" beloved; and from the hour of my
" birth, they ſeemed only to live and to
" love me. When my father took me
" to the chace, my mother would ac-
" company us: when my mother kept
" me at home, my father would not
" go. My days were ſpent in their ſo-
" ciety,—my nights in their arms. If
" I was ſatisfied, they were happy; and
" our cottage reſounded to their ſongs.
" If I was ill they ſhared my ſufferings,
" and when I ſlept, they repoſed alſo.

" A NATION

" A NATION of Braſil, whom your
" brethren alſo expelled, came to attack
" us in our foreſts. We fought them,
" but the Braſilians were victorious.—
" My parents, compelled to fly, haſtily
" conſtructed a canoe of bark, in which
" having placed all that we poſſeſſed,—
" two hammocks and two bows, we
" embarked on the great river, with-
" out knowing where we were to go;
" for the Braſilians were behind us, and
" we dreaded to approach your bre-
" thren.

" THE river overflowed its banks,
" and carried down its ſtream, large
" trunks of trees. Our canoe was over-
" turned. My father ſupported me
" with one hand, and ſwam with the
" other. My mother, who had long
" been ill, ſwam with difficulty; but,
" nevertheleſs, ſupported me alſo.—
" Fatigue ſoon exhauſted my mother's
" ſtrength

" ſtre ngth and mine. Alcaïpa, who
" p erceived this, placed both of us on
" his ba ck, and ſwam for ſome time,
" w ithout being able to make land, on
" account of the rocks on the borders
" of the river. The rapidity of the
" current hurried us along: he found
" his ſtr ength fail, but ſaid nothing; we
" our ſelves were totally incapable of
" bea ring up againſt the water. At
" length arrived at a large ſpace, where
" the river becomes a ſea, my father
" exclaimed,—We are about to periſh,
" my beloved Guacolda!—for with my
" accumulated weight I cannot reach
" the ſhore! If you had but ſtrength
" enough to follow me a ſhort diſtance,
" perhaps ———

" He did not finiſh; my mother with-
" drew from him——in a moment ſhe
" ſunk, crying,—Save but our child,
" and I die happy!—

" I would

"I WOULD have thrown myſelf after
"my mother, but Alcaïpa forcibly
"held me by the arms: he made one
"great effort—croſſed the large ſpace
"of water—reached the banks—laid
"me gently on the ſands, and fell down
"and expired at my feet.

"YOU ſoon afterwards arrived and
"know the reſt."

'THE Jeſuit heard him with many
'ſighs. He attempted not to ſooth the
'young Indian—he did not endeavour
'to check his natural and pious tears,
'but he mingled his own with them.
'Camira, touched with the father's
'grief, reſtrained his own.

'THE paternal goodneſs of Maldo-
'nado, gained more and more on the
'heart of the ſenſible Camira. He
'undertook his education: he taught
'him to read and write with remarkable
'facility. The pious miſſionary ſpoke

'to him of religion, and repreſented it
'to him as he felt it himſelf. The elo-
'quence which inſpired his own boſom,
'ſoon animated that of his pupil. He
'readily believed what the good father
'taught him, for he ſaw him practiſe it
'himſelf. He accompanied him to the
'hoſpital, to the poor and the unhappy.
'When ſitting near a ſick perſon, Mal-
'donado ſoothed his ſorrows, by his
"conſolating diſcourſes. When he
'divided with the indigent his frugal
'repaſt, even to the garments which he
'wore; and when the young Indian ad-
'mired his benevolence,—'My ſon,'
'ſaid the Jeſuit, 'I have not yet ful-
"filled my duty:—my God is the God
"of the poor, the orphan, and the un-
"happy. Theſe are the children of his
"love,—theſe are thoſe we muſt re-
"lieve, if we would pleaſe the Father
"of All.'

'ANIMATED

'ANIMATED by theſe divine pre-
'cepts, and anxious to imitate ſo lively
'an example, Camira entreated to be
'baptized. This filled the good miſ-
'ſionary with joy, and he haſtened to
'inform the governor. The ceremony
'was a kind of feſtival. Pedreras was
'ſponſor for the young convert. All the
'Spaniards eagerly contended to make
'him preſents, and the great care of the
'Jeſuit was to ſecure an independent
'fortune for his young proſelyte.

'THE reſpect and the eſteem which
'Maldonado enjoyed in the colony, and
'indeed in Spain, gave him an eaſy op-
'portunity of obtaining, for Camira, all
'that he deſired. Camira was now ſix-
'teen years old, and his education was
'compleated; and the pupil of Maldo-
'nado (better inſtructed than the ma-
'jority of coloniſts) was acquainted with
'Latin and the mathematics, and had read

' the hiſtorians, the poets, and the beſt
' authors of Spain. His great and acute
' underſtanding had profited by this
' courſe of reading. He loved books,
' and had formed his judgment, and of-
' ten gathered more true philoſophy than
' the author whoſe works he peruſed.—
' Maldonado, aſtoniſhed at his fine parts,
' ſeriouſly conſulted him about taking
' ſome profeſſion, by which he might
' make his fortune. He propoſed to
' him the law, the army, or commerce;
' ſubmitting every thing to his choice,
' with his accuſtomed kindneſs. Camira
' made him this reply: ' the only fault
" I have to find with you, my father,'
' ſays he, ' is your appearing to believe
" that this fortune, of which you ſpeak
" ſo warmly, is eſſential to my happineſs.
" I can well imagine, after what I have
" ſeen, and what I have read, and what
" you have ſaid of your Europe, where

" the

" the gifts of fortune belong but to a
" ſmall part of its inhabitants; where
" the poor are condemned to ſerve the
" rich, for the mere liberty of breathing
" the air, and of enjoying the fruits of
" the earth! I can imagine, that in this
" country, every means are employed,
" juſt or unjuſt, to leave that large claſs
" of thoſe who have nothing, to belong
" to the ſmall number of thoſe who have
" every thing. But conſider, my father,
" where we are — in thoſe vaſt plains
" where maize, ananas, potatoes, and a
" multitude of ſalutary vegetables grow
" beneath our eyes, and almoſt with-
" out culture. Reflect on theſe immenſe
" foreſts, full of cocoas, limes, pome-
" granates, and other delicious fruits,
" which nature produces with almoſt leſs
" pains, than it takes you to remember
" their names! All theſe are mine; —
" it is in my power to enjoy them; and

" it will be a long time before Paraguay
" will ceaſe to be ſufficient for the po-
" pulation of thoſe, who are to divide
" theſe vaſt countries, before they can
" take from nature thoſe who wiſh to ſo-
" licit her bounty.

" WITH reſpect to what you name, I
" know not why, a profeſſion, one of
" which you deſire me to chuſe, I will can-
" didly confeſs, that none of thoſe which
" you propoſe are agreeable to me. I
" love not your laws, which I find ineffec-
" tual, uncertain, and contradictory. Of
" all that you have made me read, this
" has ſatisfied me the leaſt; and to know
" them properly, I would not ſubmit to
" experience their operations. The idea
" of war fills me with horror. I ad-
" mire and I cheriſh the brave man,
" who, when his wife, his children, his
" country is attacked, readily meets
" death, for the ſafety of his brethren!

" This

" This man I do not call a ſoldier, as
" they are generally, though falſely
" named in your country: this is a cha-
" racter of peace and juſtice: ſuch mu-
" tually combat for one another. As to
" myſelf, born a Guarani, ſhall I hire
" myſelf to the monarch of Spain, to
" ravage countries, and maſſacre my
" fellow-creatures, at his pleaſure? —
" No, my father, the religion you have
" taught me forbids this; and I have
" ſtill to learn how Spaniards can re-
" concile ſuch conduct, with their duty
" as Chriſtians.

" The idea of commerce at firſt de-
" lighted me! I found it both benevo-
" lent and agreeable. To croſs the ſeas,
" to hazard life in labour, in perils, to
" carry to remote lands what they may
" happen to want, and to divide amongſt
" the great family of man, thoſe bleſ-
" ſings of our common Father. But in

" looking farther, I have diſcovered
" what was the real object of this cha-
" rity. I have ſeen, that the moſt ho-
" nourable merchants do not ſcruple to
" carry their murderous arms againſt
" untutored Indians; to inebriate them
" with liquors, in order to ſecure to
" themſelves greater advantages. I have
" ſeen them bring to this place natives
" of Africa, and expoſe them to ſale like
" beaſts of burden! Sell men, my fa-
" ther, and call this commerce! My
" friend, I will not be a merchant.—
" Suffer me, then, to remain what I
" am. — You may well ſmile, and make
" me, with your uſual ſweetneſs, under-
" ſtand that in fact I am nothing; and yet,
" I aſſure you, I feel that I have enough
" to be good, and to be happy. I en-
" joy good health, and tranquillity of
" conſcience. I ſhall, at each moment,
" be prepared to appear before the God

" of

" of Juſtice; and I have no uneaſineſs,
" but what ariſes from the idea of loſing
" you. This, my father, is a ſtate of
" pure innocence: urge me not to ſeek
" any other. Near you, I want nothing.
" Had I the misfortune of loſing you, I
" would return to my woods, the trees
" of which would yield ſufficient for my
" ſupport; and where the memory of
" you would confirm me in virtue.—
" Suffer me, then, peaceably to enjoy
" the happineſs you have procured me.
" We have read together many large
" books, on that which men call happi-
" neſs; but I ſhall carry with me a
" ſmall treatiſe on this ſubject, conſiſting
" but of two lines: — *Preſerve your ſoul*
" *pure, and learn to diſregard thoſe things*
" *which you do not really want.*"

'MALDONADO could make no reply
'to the young philoſopher. He agreed
'that the pupil had ſurpaſſed his maſter;

'and

'and ſmilingly required of Camira, to 'give him ſome leſſons of inſtruction, in 'his turn. This wiſdom, however, was 'ſoon to be put to the proof.

'AFTER ſome months, a veſſel from 'Cadiz brought from Spain a young 'niece of the Governor of Aſſumption, 'whom her father, Don Manuel, younger 'brother of the governor Pedreras, had 'left an orphan, without any fortune. 'The relations of Don Manuel could 'reſolve on no better way of getting rid 'of the poor girl, than by ſending her 'to America to her uncle, who was re-'puted to be rich. Pedreras received 'his niece with more ſurprize than joy. 'He was at firſt inclined to ſend her 'back to Spain, but was prevented by 'the expoſtulations of Maldonado. He 'contented himſelf with heaping re-'proaches on thoſe who had impoſed this 'burthen upon him; and conſented, by

'a vaſt

'a vaſt effort of humanity, to ſuffer the
'only child of his brother to ſtay in his
'houſe.

'It may be eaſily imagined that the
'young niece was not very happy with
'Pedreras: ſhe knew and ſhe perceived
'that her preſence was irkſome. Fear-
'ful of offending her uncle, and always
'ſure of being diſagreeable to him, ſhe
'wore a conſtant reſtraint upon her ac-
'tions and converſation, and thought ſhe
'had accompliſhed a great deal, when
'ſhe ſaw herſelf barely not troubleſome.
'She was but juſt ſixteen, and her name
'Angelina. She deſerved her name
'from her beauty, her ſweetneſs of tem-
'per, and graceful manners, but above
'all, by her nobleneſs of ſoul. It was
'hardly poſſible to ſee and not to love
'her. Vanity had no ſhare in her bo-
'ſom; and the ſentiments which ſhe in-
'ſpired partook ſo much of her own

'nature,

' nature, as to become a virtue in thoſe
' who felt them.

' ANGELINA was fond of the country
' and of ſolitude. Availing herſelf of
' the liberty which is enjoyed in the co-
' lonies, ſhe walked every evening, at-
' tended by a ſingle domeſtic, to con-
' template nature, breathe the perfumes
' of the flowers, hear the melody of
' birds, and admire the declining ſun.—
' Theſe were her only amuſements, and
' were ſufficient for her ſimple boſom,
' ingenuous, tender, and calm; always
' ready to think the beſt, and to en-
' courage no deſires beyond what ſhe
' enjoyed.

' IN her walks to the fields ſhe had
' often remarked a young man who,
' at the ſame hour, did not fail to appear
' on the ſame ſpot, where he remained
' a long time on his knees, and after-
' wards returned to the town. Angelina

' having

'having no curioſity, avoided meeting 'him; but one evening, when ſhe was 'returning later than uſual, and paſſed 'the ſame ſpot, a monſtrous ſerpent, of 'that deſtructive ſpecies ſo common in 'Paragua, raiſed its creſt from among 'the thick graſs, and darted towards 'Angelina, with the moſt horrible hiſ-'ſing. Angelina ſcreamed aloud: her 'terrified ſervant fled, and ſhe attempted 'to do the ſame. The ſerpent purſued 'her, gained upon her, and was about 'to ſeize her, when Camira appeared, 'with one of thoſe ſlings which the Pe-'ruvians uſe with ſuch dexterity. He 'threw the knot over the monſter's head, 'and, with incredible ſwiftneſs, drew 'after him the ſerpent ſtrangled!

'ANGELINA had fainted away. Ca-'mira ran to her, brought her to her-'ſelf, ſupported her trembling ſteps to 'her uncle's reſidence, received, with

'bluſhes,

‘ bluſhes, her thanks of gratitude, and left
‘ her with emotions he had never before
‘ experienced!

‘ Camira ran to Maldonado, to in-
‘ form him of what had happened. The
‘ joy which the good father felt, the in-
‘ tereſt which he took in the fortunes of
‘ Angelina, all he ſaid of her amiable
‘ qualities, increaſed the ſolicitude of
‘ Camira. He liſtened, was abſorbed in
‘ meditation, and did not ſleep the whole
‘ night! The next day, the firſt thing
‘ he did was to aſk the Jeſuit, with a
‘ kind of embarraſſment, if it would not
‘ be proper for them to go to the go-
‘ vernor's houſe, and inquire after his
‘ niece? Maldonado conſented, and
‘ they went together. Pedreras received
‘ them with many grateful acknowledg-
‘ ments — aſſured them of Angelina's
‘ health, and detained them to ſpend the
‘ day. There the young Guarani beheld

‘ the

'the charming Spaniard, had the liberty
'of converſing with her, and took large
'draughts of love.

'THE ſtory of Alcaïpa, and the
'praiſes which the good Jeſuit was
'pleaſed to beſtow upon his adopted
'ſon, were the ſubjects of converſation.
'Angelina, all attention, declined her
'eyes, a more animated colour glowed
'on her cheeks, and a ſecret emotion
'agitated her heart. She learned, from
'the recital of Maldonado, why Camira
'ſo often was ſeen on his knees on the
'river's banks. This piety and filial love
'increaſed her gratitude towards her
'amiable deliverer. She was entirely
'ſatisfied, that it ſhould be he who
'ſnatched her from ſo great a danger;
'and found it delightful at being com-
'pelled to love him: yet ſtill ſhe ven-
'tured not to raiſe her eyes to him.

'A SHORT

'A SHORT time, and a few viſits, ſuf-
'ficed to make the lovers underſtand
'their mutual feelings, and to ſatisfy
'both, without avowing it, that their
'paſſion was returned. Angelina told
'not the ſecret which her eyes diſcloſed;
'but the ingenuous Guarani told every
'thing to the Jeſuit. He deſcribed to
'him, in the warmeſt language, the paſ-
'ſion which occupied his ſoul; a thou-
'ſand times repeated, that death only
'could extinguiſh it; that he was ready
'to undertake any thing, to merit the
'hand of Angelina; and concluded by
'entreating his aſſiſtance to obtain this
'felicity.

'MALDONADO heard him with ſor-
'row. 'Son,' ſaid he, "you afflict
"me, and are preparing miſery for
"yourſelf. Thou knoweſt our man-
"ners, our cuſtoms, our reverence for
"birth,

" birth, our paſſion for riches: thinkeſt
" thou that a governor of Paraguay will
" give his niece to a ſtranger, who poſ-
" ſeſſes nothing in the world, and whoſe
" determination, after my death, is to
" paſs his days amongſt his untutored
" brethren. That contempt for theſe
" vain idols, which the vices of man-
" kind teach them to venerate, ſo far
" from oppoſing, I have reſpected in
" your boſom: but whoever pretends,
" my dear Camira, to be above the
" errors of humanity, muſt renounce
" love. This alone makes us dependant
" upon the prejudices of man, and all
" the caprice of fortune. I pity you,
" indeed, but my advice can here do
" you no ſervice. You want to have
" hope given you, but my tenderneſs
" for you is ſuch, that I cannot for a
" moment delude you. I ſee but one
" means of ſucceſs. The governor's

" avarice may induce him to forget your
" birth, if we could give him plenty of
" gold; but neither you nor myſelf have
" any.'

" GOLD!' replied Camira with vi-
' vacity, throwing himſelf on the old
' man's neck; ' let us rejoice, my father,
" I can eaſily procure it: the mountains
" I inhabit are full of it. I know the
" paths which lead to it. I will procure
" as much gold as you can deſire; you
" ſhall offer it to the governor: for this
" vile compenſation, he ſhall give me the
" being in the univerſe the moſt fair,
" moſt virtuous, and moſt lovely; and
" the pernicious love of this metal, which
" has produced ſo many enemies in the
" new world, ſhall, at leaſt, make two
" people happy!'

' The good Jeſuit, whoſe heart the
' word happy, always threw into emotion,
' partook the joy of his beloved youth.

' The

'The next morning he viſited Pedreras, 'but knowing the character of him whom 'he wiſhed to gain, he thought it ne- 'ceſſary to uſe a little addreſs. He be- 'gan with converſing on the difficulty he 'would meet with, in eſtabliſhing An- 'gelina in a manner ſuitable to her birth; 'he gently gave him to underſtand, that, 'by ſacrificing this laſt article, he might 'get huſbands who would lay an immenſe 'fortune at her feet, and give as much 'to her uncle, for the honour of his al- 'liance; and perceiving that this idea by 'no means diſpleaſed Pedreras, he fi- 'niſhed by offering his adopted ſon, 'with a hundred thouſand ducats.

'PEDRERAS could not be eaſily de- 'luded. A long experience had made 'him ſubtle and ſuſpicious. Having 'heard Maldonado, he reflected that 'Camira was of the country of the Gua- 'ranis, where, it was ſaid, that gold

'mines were common, he preſumed that 'his wealth could come from no other 'place; and, without ſhewing any re-'luctance to his giving his niece to this 'new convert — 'Father,' he replied, "the intereſts of my country poſſeſs the "whole of my care. I do not wiſh to "increaſe my own fortune, and I have a "warm wiſh to be uſeful to my country. "Your ſon may aſſiſt me in my pur-'poſe. If he will diſcover to me a gold 'mine, he ſhall have my niece."

'THIS diſcourſe confounded Mal-'donado, nevertheleſs, he made Pe-'dreras repeat the promiſe he had made; 'and, certain that he would keep his 'word, he haſtened to carry his reply 'to the young Guarani.

'WHEN this latter had heard him, 'he declined his head on his boſom, 'and tears ſtreamed from his eyes.— "Ah! my father,' he exclaimed, 'I "ſhall

" ſhall never poſſeſs Angelina. To
" diſcover to the governor the mine of
" gold which he requires, I muſt ſhew
" him paths which the Spaniards know
" not: it is this ignorance which is the
" ſafety of my brethren. I ſhould be-
" come then a deſerter, and a traitor,
" conducting, to the midſt of my na-
" tion, its enemies and murderers. No,
" Sir, you will both hate and deſpiſe
" your ſon, and how can I live deprived
" of your eſteem?'

' MALDONADO embraced and preſſed
' him to his boſom, approving his gene-
' rous determination, and confirmed him
' in his unſhaken purpoſe of even ſa-
' crificing his deareſt intereſts, and his
' ſtrongeſt paſſions, to his duty, how-
' ever painful. — ' Paſſions,' ſaid he,
" my ſon, muſt terminate, and intereſts
" may change, but virtue is unaltera-
' ble: — at all times, and in all places,

" ſhe recompenſes thoſe who ſuffer in
" her cauſe:— ſhe conſoles and animates
" them, places before them the ſweets
" of memory, ſecures them veneration,
" accompanies them beyond the grave,
" and ſeats herſelf on their tomb, where
" the name which ſhe points out to re-
" ſpect, bleſſed by every ſuſceptible
" heart, excites tears of tenderneſs, re-
" gret, and admiration!'

'THE unhappy Camira liſtened to
' the Jeſuit, and ſighed deeply. Unal-
' terably determined not to betray his
' countrymen in order to obtain his
' miſtreſs, he promiſed himſelf that he
' ſhould be able to overcome his paſ-
' ſion. From this moment he avoided
' the preſence of Angelina, with as much
' vigilance as he had before ſought it.
' He went no more to her houſe, but,
' giving up all his time to ſtudy, ima-
' gined that by thus occupying his at-
' tention,

'tention, he ſhould beguile the feelings
'of his heart. Angelina could not com-
'prehend the motive of this change.—
'She was at firſt alarmed. She waited
'impatiently for an opportunity of
'coming to an explanation with Ca-
'mira; but, ſeeing that he no longer
'viſited her uncle, meeting him no
'where in the fields, not even at the
'tomb of Alcaïpa, diſdain and anger
'ſucceeded to ſorrow! She thought
'that he loved her no longer, and ſhe
'determined no longer to love him.—
'Chance having one day placed her
'near him at church, ſhe affected, dur-
'ing the ceremony, never to turn her
'eyes on the unfortunate Camira, nor to
'perceive that he was near her; and de-
'parted without ſaluting him. This was
'a painful effort for the mild and tender
'Angelina; but ſhe imagined, after this
'victory over herſelf, that nothing would

' be impoſſible to her; and ſhe hoped
' ſoon to forget that which occupied
' her altogether.

' CAMIRA was in deſpair! He had
' reſolution enough to give up his miſ-
' treſs, and deprive himſelf of the ſight
' of her; but he was not able to bear
' her diſdain. His ſoul was overpowered,
' and, no longer able to endure his tor-
' ments, he haſtened to find Maldo-
' nado. ' Father,' ſaid he, ' hear, and
" forgive me. I cannot overcome my
" love. I have employed againſt my
" heart, all the powers of virtue and of
" reaſon. Angelina is ſuperior to them
" all. I leave you, my father — I go. —
" In the name of Heaven check your
" tears — if you weep, I ſhall expire
" before you. Suffer me to return to my
" woods. I hope I ſhall ſee you again —
" I know not when, but I ſhall certainly
" return. If the project which I me-

" ditate

" ditate is poſſible to humanity, I am
" ſure I ſhall accompliſh it; and you
" ſhall behold me both the moſt inno-
" cent and happieſt of men. Adieu,
" my father, my friend, my benefactor!
" Reſtrain your tears—it is not your
" ſon who leaves you, but a wretch who
" is a victim to a paſſion which governs
" him as it pleaſes, which hurries him
" from his father, which fills, which
" conſumes, his boſom, but which can
" never ceaſe to preſerve that tender-
" neſs and gratitude which is your due,
" and which will accompany me al-
" ways.'

' SAYING this, he departed, without
' liſtening to Maldonado, who in vain
' implored him to return to his arms.—
' He was ſoon out of ſight. The good
' father, deprived of his ſon, believed
' himſelf alone in the univerſe.

' ANGELINA

'ANGELINA was ſtill more unhappy. 'Tormented by a paſſion ſhe was unable 'to overcome, ſhe had ſuffered the ſame 'emotions as Camira, and had not even 'the conſolation of confiding them to 'any one. As ſoon as ſhe heard that 'he was gone, ſhe reproached herſelf 'for being the cauſe: ſhe ſhed tears of 'bitterneſs, in memory of the day on 'which ſhe pretended to love no longer. 'For ſome time ſhe hoped that he might 'return to the Jeſuit; but ſeeing ſix 'months paſs, and no Camira appeared, 'the unhappy Angelina entreated her 'uncle's permiſſion to take the veil in 'one of the convents already founded 'at Aſſumption. Pedreras approved her 'deſign: he conducted her himſelf that 'very day to the ſuperior of St. Clare, 'who gave her the habit of novice, and 'agreed with the governor to abridge 'the period of the noviciate.

'THE

'THE unfortunate girl herſelf preſſed 'this; the time went too ſlowly for her, 'for it went without her ſeeing Camira. 'To her it ſeemed, that having once 'pronounced her vows, ſhe ſhould be 'leſs afflicted: that love would quit a 'heart of which the Deity had taken 'poſſeſſion. The epoch ſhe deſired, at 'length arrived, and ſhe felt an emotion 'of joy.

'THE evening before the day fixed for 'the profeſſion of Angelina, the good 'Maldonado, returning from viſiting 'the ſick, was reclining on a ſtone ſeat 'at the door of his houſe. He was 'thinking of Camira, when he ſaw a 'perſon approaching at a diſtance,— 'heard a ſudden and loud cry, and, in a 'moment, felt himſelf preſſed in the 'arms of a young man——it was he,— 'it was his ſon. The poor Jeſuit al-'moſt expired with delight. The Gua-

'rani

'rani was the ſame, and could not arti-
'culate. Both entered the houſe, hand
'locked in hand; and when their agi-
'tated boſoms began to be a little more
'compoſed,—'Father,' ſaid he, 'I am
"again returned, and returned worthy
"the name of your ſon. I have be-
"trayed neither virtue nor honour. I
"am and ſhall continue faithful to my
"countrymen, and to my love. I am
"ready to deliver the mine of gold
"which the governor requires, and this
"treaſure is remote from the path which
"leads to my country.'

'MALDONADO, who made him repeat
'what he had uttered, partook of all his
'tranſports. He wiſhed not to inter-
'rupt his joy by telling him, that on the
'morrow Angelina was to take her
'vow; but he went inſtantly to Pedrera
'to prevail on him to defer it, announc-
'ing to him the immenſe treaſures which

'Camir

'Camira returned to offer him, and to 'demand his performance of his ſolemn 'engagement. Pedreras, ſurprized and 'delighted, renewed his promiſe, and 'ſent inſtantly to the convent, ordering 'every thing to be ſuſpended; and, at 'the dawn of morning, departed with 'Maldonado and a good eſcort, under 'the guidance of the young Indian.

'THEY marched all the day, and 'paſſed the night beneath ſome trees; 'and in the morning continued their 'progreſs along the deſert mountains 'which extend themſelves on the coaſt 'of Chili. The governor teſtified great 'aſtoniſhment: he had already viſited 'this region, but he could find no me-'tals. Camira, however, advanced with 'a compoſed ſtep. When arrived near 'a cavern formed by ſome ſterile rocks, 'Camira ſtopped, and, pointing to the 'entrance, called to the attendants to

'examine

'examine it: they did ſo. Pedreras,
'with eager eye of avarice, followed
'their every motion. The Jeſuit, un-
'eaſy and penſive, offered up vows,
'which, for the firſt time, had riches
'for their object. Camira ſmiled, but
'uttered not a word.

'At the depth of five or ſix feet,
'Pedreras ſaw the firſt gleam of the
'metal. He uttered a ſhout of joy,
'ſprang forwards, and with his two hands
'ſeized ſome red earth, containing large
'portions of virgin gold. This layer
'was long and thick: many others, ſtill
'more valuable, appeared beneath the
'ſuperincumbent ſand. Pedreras ran
'to Camira, preſſed him in his arms,
'called him his dear nephew, and vowed
'to him an eternal affection. By his
'orders they continued their labours.
'Four mules were already laden with
'gold, and the cavern was not half
'emptied

'emptied. The governor left them a
'guard under the conduct of his lieute-
'nant. Anxious, he ſaid, to perform
'his promiſe, he returned to Aſſumption
'with Maldonado and Camira. He
'conducted them to his palace, and as
'ſoon as the covetous Pedreras had de-
'poſited his gold in a place of ſafety, he
'haſtened himſelf to the convent, in-
'ſtantly deſiring his niece to leave it,
'and to prepare to become the wife of
'Camira on the morrow.

'JUDGE of the exceſs of ſurprize and
'of tranſport which the tender Angelina
'felt. She could not believe what ſhe
'had heard;—ſhe could not perſuade
'herſelf that it was not a dream,—but,
'accuſtomed to ſubmiſſion, ſhe obeyed
'without reply. She exchanged her
'dreſs of coarſe cloth for one of the
'richeſt embroidery; her lovely face
'was freed from her veil, and her long

'hair

'hair again appeared, and fell in ringlets 'down her ſhoulders. The emotion 'which agitated her boſom, diffuſed an 'animated bloom over her counte-'nance. Her eyes, which ſhe ventured 'not to lift up, darted the moſt pene-'trating glances from beneath her long 'and dark eyebrows. A thouſand times 'handſomer than on the day when Ca-'mira had ſaved her life, ſhe left the 'convent to meet him; and the happy 'Camira waited for her in the parlour, 'where Pedreras had left him alone.

'As ſoon as he perceived her he fell 'at her feet. 'Hear me!' he exclaimed, "thou faireſt and lovelieſt of women; "and before you obey your uncle, know "the powerful motives which compelled "me to fly from you. In compenſation "for your hand, Pedreras demanded "of me a gold mine—I knew of none "but in my country. By conducting

"him

" him there, I muſt have given up my
" countrymen to the cruelty of Spa-
" niards. I could not do this, Ange-
" lina,—to you I confeſs I could not.
" At this moment, when I ſee you in
" all the ſplendour of your charms,—
" I dare ſtill acknowledge that I ſacri-
" ficed my love, to duty and my coun-
" try. But this love ſtill inſpired me:
" I left my virtuous father, and returned
" to the Guaranis. I eaſily procured
" abundance of gold. Aſſiſted by my
" countrymen, I have employed the
" entire year in removing this gold to
" an immenſe diſtance from the place
" where I found it,—and in concealing
" it beneath the earth,—in aſſembling
" wealth enough, not to merit you,—
" but at leaſt to obtain you. A hun-
" dred times I performed that laborious
" journey; I would have performed it
" a thouſand, if I could. Your image

" which accompanied me always, im-
" preſſed me with the fear of offering
" too ſmall a preſent. Pedreras vouch-
" ſafes to be ſatisfied with this treaſure;
" he knows not the value of her he
" gives me; but it is you and you alone
" whom I wiſh to poſſeſs.'

'ANGELINA liſtened, and was obliged
' to make ſome effort to prevent her
" throwing herſelf into the arms of Ca-
' mira: ſhe affectionately gave him her
' hand, and tears of love were her
' reply.

'THE tranſported Guarani immedi-
' ately conducted her to the manſion of
' Pedreras, where the ſame evening,
' Maldonado pronounced their nuptial
' benediction. Never happineſs had
' equalled theirs, unleſs, indeed, it was
' that of the good Jeſuit. All three
' imagined that nothing could now hap-
' pen to interrupt their felicity;—all

' three

'three enjoyed both the preſent and the 'future, but they were not yet at the 'period of their ſorrow.

'THE governor left the young peo-'ple, to return to the cavern, which his 'ſervants ſoon emptied. Such immenſe 'riches might have ſatisfied the avarice 'of Pedreras—if avarice knew how to 'be ſatisfied. But ſoon perceiving that 'the earth they had dug up, did not 'produce the metal, he concluded that 'the Guarani muſt have knowledge of 'mines, from which he had taken this 'gold. Too rich, nevertheleſs, to dare 'to complain, and too much in awe of 'the Jeſuit to purſue any unbecoming 'means to get knowledge of the ſecret 'which he concealed; he took an in-'direct method, which did not the leſs 'conduct him to his end. He aſſem-'bled the colony—explained to them 'the new orders he had received, as he

' ſaid, from the king, to proſecute his ' diſcoveries;—to ſubdue the neigh- ' bouring nations,—and, above all, the ' Guaranis. Then turning to Camira, ' whom his words had turned pale:— " Nephew,' ſays he, ' to your hands I " confide the intereſts of Spain;—you " are my adopted ſon,—I name you my " *Adelantado*;—and I charge you, in the " king's name, to depart with ſix hun- " dred choſen troops, to diſcover and " ſubdue the country of the Guaranis.'

' ALL the colony applauded his choice, ' and Camira was unable to make any ' reply. He was ſaluted and acknow- ' ledged as Adelantado, and Pedreras ' repeated to him his orders to depart in ' a few days.

' THE unhappy Camira, accompanied ' by his wife, haſtened to take the ad- ' vice of Maldonado.

' THE

'THE good Jeſuit, for ſome minutes,
' meditated in ſilence; then, taking them
' by the hand,—' Children,' ſaid he,
" our danger is great. Camira cannot,
" he muſt not obey. If he ſhall refuſe,
" he will be ſuſpected;—if I vindicate
" him, I ſhall be ſuſpected alſo, and the
" governor is capable of any thing.
" You have but one part to take, which
" is, to fly this very night to the Gua-
" ranis. I will go with you, my chil-
" dren, old as I am, I will go with you:
" with the croſs in my hand I will go
" and inſtruct the brethren of Camira.
" I will convert them as I have him.
" You ſhall ſtill be happy,—you ſhall
" love each other with innocence and
" peace. I ſhall fulfil my duty,—ſerve
" my God,—and be happier than you!'
' ANGELINA and her huſband fell at
' the old man's feet. Their flight was
' determined. Camira prepared a ca-

‘ noe, in which all three embarked as
‘ ſoon as evening ſpread her ſhades over
‘ the earth. Camira took oars, and
‘ aſcended the river to the entrance of
‘ the mountains. Then plunging into
‘ the midſt of the woods, he ſunk his
‘ boat; and ſtriking into ſecret paths,
‘ arrived in a few days amongſt the
‘ Guaranis. He was received as a bro-
‘ ther: he eagerly related all that he
‘ had done,—all that he owed to the
‘ Jeſuit, on which, all the Indians heaped
‘ careſſes and preſents on Maldonado:
‘ all united in conſtructing huts for the
‘ good father, and for Camira and An-
‘ gelina. Theſe were built in large
‘ trees, to which they aſcended by a
‘ ladder, which they drew up after
‘ them; a neceſſary precaution againſt
‘ the tigers and againſt floods. In a
‘ ſhort time, ſettled in their new reſi-
‘ dence, without fears, without anxiety,

‘ free

'free from all thoſe perplexities which 'men take ſuch pains to give themſelves;—occupied only by their exertions to live and love, the married 'pair perceived, far better than they 'had hitherto done, the charm and felicity of that ſweeteſt of combinations, 'love, innocence, and liberty.

'MALDONADO, beloved by a mild 'people, preached to them Chriſtianity, 'and eaſily converted thoſe ſimple characters, who revered his virtues. All 'the Guaranis were baptized. Some 'time after, they of themſelves, applied 'to Maldonado, to procure other Jeſuits to come among them; and voluntarily ſubmitted to the king of 'Spain, on condition that he ſhould 'only ſend amongſt them the colleagues 'of Maldonado. This propoſition was 'accepted at Madrid, and the miſſionaries arrived. The Guaranis, on the

' faith of the treaty, drew nearer Aſ-
' ſumption, divided themſelves into dif-
' ferent villages, in each of which, a
' Jeſuit, their miniſter, inſtructed them
' in agriculture, and other neceſſary
' arts; and directed them by his pater-
' nal care. Theſe diſtricts were ſoon
' enlarged: in 1734, they amounted to
' thirty thouſand families. Each village
' had its recorder, and its alcade, annu-
' ally named by the inhabitants. The
' miniſter, appointed by his provincial
' ſuperior, watched over the execution
' of the laws which were neither nume-
' rous nor rigid. The greateſt penal-
' ties were thoſe of penance or confine-
' ment; and even theſe were rarely in-
' flicted amongſt an innocent race of
' men, addicted neither to theft nor
' murder; and who ſtill preſerved the
' happieſt ignorance, from the care
' which the Jeſuits took, to ſuffer no
' ſtranger

'ſtranger to enter their country. The
'moderate impoſt which they paid the
'king of Spain, was produced by their
'exchange of ſugar, tobacco, and cot-
'ton, the fruits of a long territory be-
'longing to each pariſh, on which each
'inhabitant laboured two days in the
'week. The ſurplus of this was re-
'ſerved for the benefit of orphans,—
'for the ſick,—and for old perſons in-
'capable of labour. The arms of the
'diſtrict were laid up in a particular ar-
'ſenal. On publick days of feſtival, the
'youth exerciſed themſelves with the
'muſquet and ſword, and immediately
'afterwards returned them to the ar-
'ſenal. On the firſt attack, whether of
'the Portugueſe or Braſilians, a batta-
'lion of incomparable troops marched
'from each village. In all places,
'ſchools were eſtabliſhed for reading,
'writing, and the more uſeful of the
'mechanic

'mechanic occupations. All neceſſary 'profeſſions were gratuitouſly taught; 'and the miniſter who ſuperintended 'theſe labours, always conſulted the 'diſpoſition of his young pupils before 'he would initiate them in any particu-'lar art. Nothing, indeed, was want-'ing to them of all that our cities have, 'except luxury, vice, and poverty.— 'Evil reports have nevertheleſs pre-'vailed of this eccleſiaſtick republick— 'this patriarchal government; but it 'cannot be denied, that this, perhaps, is 'the only example of an empire founded 'by perſuaſion, ſupported by confi-'dence, and poliſhed by virtue.'

VALERIA;

VALERIA;

AN

ITALIAN TALE.

THERE ſeems to be a prejudice in the world againſt the belief of ſpirits; and yet we forget that the beſt writers both of Greece and Rome, and hiſtorians the moſt famous for their veracity and philoſophy, have atteſted their exiſtence. Plutarch relates, how Brutus, being in his tent at midnight, a ſhort time before the battle of Philippi, ſaw a terrible viſion, — "a man of enor-

"mous

" mous ſize, and hideous countenance,
" of whom, at firſt, he was afraid, but
" ſeeing that the phantom neither did
" nor ſaid any thing to him, but merely
" kept moving round his couch; he at
" length aſked him who he was? The
" phantom replied — I am thy evil ge-
" nius, and you ſhall ſee me near
" Philippi. Brutus replied — It is well,
" I ſhall ſee you there; and immediately
" the viſion diſappeared. Afterwards,
" making ready for battle near the city
" of Philippi, the night before the en-
" gagement, the ſame phantom ap-
" peared to him again, without ſaying
" a word; by which Brutus underſtood
" that his hour was come!"

PLINY the younger, in his letters, af-firms, as a certain fact, the ſtory of the philoſopher, Athenodorus, who, having made purchaſe at Athens of an old man-ſion, which every one refuſed, becauſe

every

every night a ſpectre there made its appearance, boldly waited to ſee it. It came at length, dragging a maſſy chain, and made ſigns to the philoſopher to follow it. Athenodorus, who was at that moment buſy, made ſigns to it, in his turn, to wait a little. The ſpirit increaſed the rattling of its chains, and the philoſopher, taking his lamp, roſe and followed it, who, conducting him to the court in which the houſe ſtood, diſappeared ſuddenly. Athenodorus marked the ſpot, to know it again. The day following he aſſembled the magiſtrates, who ordered the ground to be dug up, and found ſome human bones confined by chains. They were collected, and publickly interred; from which period the houſe was no more diſturbed.

If examples more recent be required, we may conſult the memoirs of the famous Agrippa d'Aubigny, grandfather of

of Madame Maintenon, ſo notorious for his zeal for Calviniſm, his rigid frankneſs, and inflexible integrity. He had loſt his mother. 'I was,' ſays he, 'in 'my bed, and entirely awake, when I 'heard ſome one enter my apartment, 'and I perceived at my bed-ſide, a wo-'man, remarkably pale, whoſe clothes 'made a noiſe againſt my curtains: theſe 'ſhe undrew, ſtooped towards me, and, 'giving me a kiſs as cold as ice, ſhe in 'a moment vaniſhed!"

SHALL we then call in queſtion what Plutarch, Pliny, and d'Aubigny have affirmed? or ſhall we ſay, to juſtify our incredulity, that theſe men were weaker than we are?

WITHOUT purſuing this diſcuſſion, I am about to relate a fact, which I had from the perſon to whom it happened. This perſon is ſtill alive, at the city of Florence, and will confirm the teſtimony.

This

This is the manner in which I was told this wonderful anecdote:

I was, during an interval of abſence from the ſervice, at a ſmall place in Languedoc, where I was born, when ſeveral friends invited me to ſpend the Chriſtmas in an old caſtle built in ſome rocks in the midſt of the mountains of Cevennes. The miſtreſs of this manſion had aſſembled ſome young damſels, officers, and agreeable neighbours.—Good-humour and frankneſs prevailed amongſt us all — each had a pleaſure in finding himſelf one of the ſociety; none wiſhed to ſhine excluſively of the reſt, or diſputed whoſe turn it was to hold forth. Each was ſatisfied with the reſt, and the reſt with him. We laughed all the day. In the evening, ſeated in a circle round a large fire, we told tales, ſung ballads, and finiſhed our evenings delightfully. The young ladies of Languedoc,

guedoc, not wanting in imagination (a thing common enough in this country) were particularly delighted with ſtories of ſpirits. Each had his tale to tell.—The ſeaſon, the place, the occaſion—all added to the effect which theſe fearful recitals produced. The nights were long and dark, the country was buried in ſnow, and the owls, the old inhabitants of the tower in which was the ſaloon, anſwered each other through the cracks, by their ſlow and monotonous cries: add to this, it was the time of Advent, when every body knows that apparitions are moſt frequent. Thus, when the tale began, the circle inſenſibly contracted; as it proceeded, it ſtill became leſs, and they who pretended to laugh, were often ready to expire from terror; and it often happened that the reciter was ſeized with a ſudden fit of tremour, his voice changed, he became

ſpeechleſs,

ſpeechleſs, and ventured not to look either to the bottom of the great hall, whence the noiſe of chains was fancied to proceed; nor yet towards the chimney, from which ſomething was expected to deſcend.

We had in our party a young Italian, named Valeria Orſini, whoſe indifferent health had brought her to Montpellier, to conſult our phyſicians. She had, at that place, formed an intimacy with the lady of our caſtle, who had invited her to the country, during the abſence of Count Orſini, her huſband, whom unexpected buſineſs had obliged to return to Florence. This young ſtranger was very amiable: to great vivacity ſhe united an enchanting ſweetneſs, an evenneſs of temper, which nothing interrupted. Her converſation was lively and impreſſive, though her perſon and features announced nothing but mental

deſert. Her large black eyes were very languiſhing, her look inſpired tenderneſs, her beauty and conciliating grace ſeemed to obtain freſh power from the paleneſs which ever marked her countenace. Her lips alſo partook of this paleneſs; for, when Valeria ſpoke, a ſtatue of alabaſter ſeemed to be animated! when ſhe did not ſpeak, ſhe did not the leſs attract attention; and indeed ſhe perſonally gave a ſtriking idea of the ſtory of Pygmalion!

Amongst all our females, Valeria gave proofs of the greateſt reſolution, in hearing thoſe fearful recitals. She was never agitated, and often ſmiled; and, without appearing to doubt the truth of the tales ſhe heard, ſhe had merely the air of ſuppoſing them eaſy of explanation. The ſtory of a counſellor of Thouloufe, to whom a man who had been aſſaſſinated, and buried for ſix months,

months, appeared one evening, to reveal his murderers. That alſo of a married man of Lyons, who, having in a tranſport of jealouſy killed his wife, ſaw her every night appear at eleven o'clock, and lye down by his ſide! A multitude of other anecdotes, of a ſimilar kind, very well authenticated, but nevertheleſs very wonderful, ſeemed, to Valeria, as mere common events. We were almoſt angry with her, and we one day expreſſed to her our aſtoniſhment at her not being at all affected by what ſhe heard. Hear her anſwer:

'My friends, it ſeems very reaſona-
'ble that any ſtory of aparitions ſhould
'aſtoniſh you, ſince the greater part of
'you, perhaps, have never ſeen one!'
'You have, then, madam,' ſaid I.—
She ſmiled, with ſeeming contempt.
'I have done more,' ſhe replied, 'I
'have been, and am ſtill one myſelf!

'It is a ſpirit who now addreſſes you!' At theſe words all the party uttered a loud ſhriek, and fled from her precipitately; and were, indeed, preſſing towards the door, when Valeria, with that ſweet and tender voice, the tones of which were irreſiſtible, called us back, and entreated us to be ſeated; and, whilſt taking each alternately by the hand, at the ſame time that we looked upon her with terror, and diſcovered each ſome new appearance in her perſon, which we had never ſeen before, and which ſavoured of the other world, ſhe ſpoke to us as follows:

"It is no fault of mine, my friends, if I have been dead theſe ten years!—There is no one to whom this might not have happened: but what does not happen quite ſo often is, that ſince that period, I have found myſelf infinitely happier; I have enjoyed a felicity I never knew

knew before, and which, thanks to Heaven, yet continues. It is true, that the troubles I endured during my life, well paid for the happineſs I have enjoyed ſince my death. It is neceſſary that I tell you every thing which happened to me till that fortunate moment, and you will ſee that my death alone could inſure my tranquillity in the world!

" I WAS born at Florence, and my parents were noble and affluent. My father and mother had no child but myſelf. I was brought up beneath their roof, where my good and tender mother compenſated me by her care, her love, and her careſſes, for the uneaſineſs I ſuffered from the ſeverity of my father. That old man, eſtimable in many reſpects, was proud of his high birth, the honours he had obtained in the ſervice of the emperor, and every day made himſelf miſerable, becauſe he had no ſon to

inherit his titles. My poor mother ſuffered his ill humours with a ſweetneſs, which ſometimes diſarmed my father; but vanity ſoon reſumed her empire.—He believed himſelf without a child, becauſe he was without a ſon!

"THE palace we inhabited at Florence, was next to a houſe where dwelt a venerable gentleman, not very rich, but highly eſteemed. He was called the Marquis Orſini. A long time a widower, he dedicated his life to the education of Octavius, his only ſon, whoſe age was nearly the ſame as my own.

"MY father and the old Orſini had formerly ſerved together: they eſteemed and frequently ſaw each other; and young Orſini was, from his childhood, accuſtomed to come often and familiarly to our houſe; and my mother always took affectionate notice of him.

"I WAS

" I was hardly ten years old, when Octavius became the friend of my heart. He was ſo mild, ſo handſome, and ſo amiable, that I loved him more than ever ſiſter loved a brother. I told him all my pleaſures and my troubles, and was the confidant of his ſecrets; and, as if we had foreſeen the ſorrows it was to cauſe us, we took care to conceal our mutual paſſion. Before my father and mother, we appeared to be indifferent: our amuſements ſeemed to occupy us entirely; ſometimes we even diſputed, but as ſoon as we got into the garden, or a little grove at the end of it, we had no longer any reſtraint.

" Octavius ſpoke of nothing but his tenderneſs. He preſſed, and would kiſs my hands: often he ventured to embrace me, vowing never to have any wife but Valeria. I, on my part, made a ſimilar vow, and I received his inno-

cent careſſes without a bluſh. Till the age of fourteen, no remorſe, no fears interrupted our tender paſſion. Octavius was then ſixteen. I perceived that I loved him more than I had ever done any thing before; but a ſecret whiſpering told me, that I ought no longer to walk alone in the grove with Octavius. From this moment I avoided ſuch walks; and I took away from him, in our ſports, that unreſerve which had conſtituted their delight. Octavius made heavy complaints. I wiſhed to tell him my motives, and, with this view, for the laſt time, I conſented to meet him in the ſolitary grove. But whether my father had any ſuſpicions, or whether chance there directed him, he approached us, in a green walk very much ſhaded, where I was ſitting on a bank of turf. There was room only for myſelf; accordingly, Octavius was kneeling before

before me, holding my hands, and addreſſing me with much vivacity; and as he ſpoke in a low tone, from the fear of our being overheard, our faces in a manner met. In this poſition my father ſurprized us; his anger was equal to our terror: he ordered me, in a terrible voice, to go to my mother; I inſtantly obeyed. I heard him at a great diſtance reprimanding Octavius,—forbidding him ever to enter our doors; and I ſaw the poor youth retire weeping from our manſion.

"I SUFFERED as much as he, for I loved as tenderly as I was beloved.—This love, formed in my infancy, could only terminate with my life. The outrageous reproaches which my father heaped upon me;—his menaces, and the violence of his deportment, did but increaſe my tenderneſs. I did not deſerve the cruelty with which he treated me.

Obſtacles

Obſtacles irritated me the more; and whilſt with eyes declined, and in a melancholy ſilence, I heard my father in a rage, ſwearing to ſacrifice me if ever I again ſaw Octavius,—I pronounced in a low tone, a vow, to be his and his only.

" The day ſucceeding this dreadful adventure, as I was with my mother, who, without endeavouring to excuſe me, tried to appeaſe my father's wrath, who ſhould enter but the father of Octavius, the old Marquis Orſini: his air was noble and compoſed; his white hair and venerable aſpect inſpired confidence and eſteem. My father, on ſeeing him, ordered me to leave the room——I obeyed; but the intereſt I had in knowing what ſhould paſs, compelled me to ſtay at the door and liſten. I heard this converſation: ' My lord,' ſaid the father of Octavius, ' I came ' here to ſolicit pardon and grace. My ' ſon

‘ ſon has told me every thing. I have
‘ blamed his temerity; but excuſe me,
‘ if a father's tenderneſs compaſſionates
‘ his love. My ſon adores your daugh-
‘ ter, and he preſumes to think that he
‘ is beloved. In oppoſing their mutual
‘ partiality, you will make two beings
‘ wretched—you will be ſo yourſelf;
‘ for at our age, my old friend, nature
‘ can only compenſate us for all we have
‘ ſuffered, by making us ſpectators
‘ of our children's happineſs. You
‘ know the family of Octavius; it is
‘ without ſtain, and may aſpire to an
‘ union with yours. Nothing but your
‘ opulence can make this an unequal
‘ match, but keep this if you think
‘ proper. You may ſtill hope one day
‘ to have an heir—I wiſh heaven may
‘ grant it you; if it does, my joy will
‘ equal your own. Give Valeria no
‘ more than Octavius will receive from
‘ me:

'me: this will be enough to make them 'happy. Retain the reſt in your own 'hands for your ſon, if you ſhall happen 'to have one, or to give it to mine, in 'proportion as he ſhall merit your 'eſteem and tenderneſs.'

'I AM aſtoniſhed,' replied my father, with a cold and diſdainful air, 'how a 'man, diſcreet as you are, could indulge 'ſuch ideas. Grant that ever your ſon, 'by his ſuppoſed accompliſhments, ſhall 'arrive at the higheſt ſituations in the 'ſtate, you would doubtleſs ſuppoſe it 'the higheſt honour for him to obtain 'the hand of my daughter. Since at 'preſent he has nothing but an idle 'youth to plead, a myſterious preſump-'tion, and the advantage of having 'offended me, do you think that I 'can poſſibly give my conſent to this 'union.'

'I PRESUME

'I PRESUME,' interrupted the old gentleman, 'that you are ſenſible and upright,—that you love your daughter,—that in the boſom of a father, pride cannot obliterate the ſweeteſt and moſt ſacred of duties. I think, moreover, that the ſon of your friend does you no diſhonour by loving Valeria; and if in the warmth of your anger you forget that he is the ſon of your friend, I ſhall be obliged to remind you that his father at leaſt is your equal.'

"AT this expreſſion my mother was eager to ſtop the converſation: ſhe ſpoke in ſo high a tone that old Orſini could not hear my father's reply. He inſtantly took his leave; and from this moment the moſt determined hatred ſucceeded to thirty years of friendſhip.

"JUDGE of my ſorrow: no more hope of ſeeing Octavius again,—no opportunity of conveying to him any news of

of my own condition, or to hear of his. My father ſurrounded me with ſpies,—forbade me to go out, even to maſs.—He never ſpoke to me—I never ſaw him, but at the hours of meals, when he never turned his eyes towards me. I was in his houſe as a ſtranger, whom pains are taken to inſtruct that ſhe excites no emotion. My health ſoon declined, and I ſhould have ſunk under it, but for the tender care, the kindneſs, and the pity of my mother. She never left me a moment; ſhe ſupported my almoſt exhauſted courage, giving me hopes that my father might yet one day be appeaſed. She ventured not to ſpeak to me of Octavius; but all that ſhe ſaid, in ſome reſpect related to him, and all her conſolations brought my lover to my remembrance; and, without ever mentioning his name, ſhe talked of him inceſſantly.

" TIME

"TIME rolled away without any diminution of what I ſuffered, when one evening, I availed myſelf of the abſence of my father, to go and afflict myſelf alone in the green-walk, where my misfortunes commenced. I wiſhed to ſit on the ſame turf, where I had once been ſeated near Octavius. I watered it with my tears: I remembered all that he had ſaid to me; I repeated my former vows,—when ſuddenly a man appeared, and fell proſtrate before me. In terror I attempted to fly, but the voice of Octavius detained me.

'HEAR me,' ſaid he, 'I have but a 'moment, and it is the laſt—for this 'night I leave Florence; my father has 'procured for me a company of horſe 'in the ſervice of the emperor. War 'is declared againſt Pruſſia. I go to 'join the army,—to periſh or deſerve 'you. I hope,—I am determined to

'diſtinguiſh

'distinguish myself so much in my first 'campaign, that the emperor shall de- 'sire to know me—which, if ever he 'does, I will declare to him my love. 'Joseph is young, and doubtless suscep- 'tible—he will pity my misfortunes; 'and may, perhaps, interest himself in 'my behalf, with the Great Duke, his 'brother. Your father cannot resist the 'Grand Duke; and your hand may be- 'come the reward of my constancy and 'valour. I ask of you but one year, 'Valeria;—promise me to resist but 'for one year, the commands of your 'father: after this period, I shall either 'be no more, or deserve to be your 'husband.'

"I HEARD him with extreme agitation: I could hardly breathe; my heart palpitated with love, hope, and terror. I vowed to be faithful to him whilst I lived, and to die a thousand times sooner than

than accept of any other huſband. We agreed to write to each other, by means of one of our domeſtics already gained by Octavius, and who had now given him admiſſion. A ſlight noiſe which we heard, compelled us to ſeparate. I tore my hand from that of Octavius; and returning precipitately to my chamber, paſſed the remainder of the night in tears.

"For the ſix firſt months which followed the departure of Octavius, I experienced no alteration at home. My father always treated me with the ſame harſhneſs,—my mother with the ſame affection. The domeſtic in the intereſt of my lover, regularly brought me his letters; every day they informed me of ſome new ſucceſs. General Laudohn had conceived a great friendſhip for Octavius; had made him his aid-de-camp, and promiſed to promote him to

the higheſt rank. But the war was long and tedious, and offered few opportunities of ſhewing perſonal valour. The great talents of Frederick and his brother Prince Henry, diſconcerted the projects of the ſagacious Laudohn. No battles,—no ſurprizes,—the two Pruſſian heroes foreſaw every thing,—their genius predominated over accident, and commanded fortune; and probably, for the firſt time, perſonal bravery and chance were baniſhed from war. At the end of ten months I abruptly ceaſed to hear from Octavius. Fearful for his life, but not of his conſtancy, I wrote letter after letter, counting every hour of the poſt. The domeſtic, our confidant, went inceſſantly to inquire, and always returned to tell me, that there was nothing for me. Afflicted by this continued ſilence, I ſent to old Orſinis to make particular inquiry whether he had heard

heard from Octavius. The anſwer calmed my anxiety in one reſpect, but not in another: Octavius, they ſaid, had written the preceding evening; he was very well—was made a colonel, and was going to paſs the winter at Vienna with general Laudohn.

"I WAS unjuſt enough to reproach my lover, and dared to think that he had forgotten me. I inſtantly ceaſed to write, and made ſome vain attempts to baniſh him from my heart. Alas!—I only increaſed my ſorrow; his image every where followed me: I ſaw him every inſtant, as I had ſeen him on the night we parted. I might well determine and vow to baniſh from my mind thoſe ſweet recollections; they recurred to me perpetually, and I was ever thinking that I would think no more of Octavius.

" At this period there arrived from Germany a couſin of my father, who took up his reſidence at our houſe. He was a tall thin man, from forty-five to fifty years old, of a cold and auſtere character. He talked of nothing but his nobility. He had employed his whole life, and the little underſtanding he had, to ſtudy, and to know by heart all the genealogies of Europe. He was perfectly acquainted with the year, the month, and the day of all contracts of marriage that had been made in Germany ſince the decline of the Roman Empire. He knew all the families, and all their branches, of the Electors, the Palatines of Poland and Hungary; and for ſome years, to fill up his tedious hours of leiſure, he buſied himſelf in arranging the titles of the Ottoman family, and the different branches they had

had produced, to the ſixty-fourth generation; which did not fail, as he ſaid, to give him a vaſt deal of trouble, on account of the prodigious number of ſultans which had entered into that family, not always the moſt delicate in the ſubject of alliances.

" THIS couſin, who was named Count Heraldi, on the very firſt evening of his arrival, after having, during ſupper-time, aſked my father a multitude of queſtions concerning the gentlemen of Tuſcany, inquired, with an air of indifference, whether a certain Marquis Orſini lived in Florence? My father, in a ſour manner replied, ' that he knew no-
' thing about him.'—' But I muſt know,' replied Heraldi, ' for in paſſing through
' Vienna, about three weeks ſince, I
' dined with General Laudohn, on the
' very day of the marriage of his niece
' to a ſon of this Marquis Orſini. This

'young man, whom I found to be very 'amiable, learning that I was coming 'here, gave me a letter for his father, 'made me promiſe that I would ſee him, 'and give him a particular account of 'the marriage feſtival, and of the hap-'pineſs which I ſaw that he enjoyed with 'his bride.' I heard this ſpeech, more dead than alive. My father knit his brows, without making any reply. My mother looked at me, trembling all over, and the cruel Heraldi proceeded to relate — 'that the young lady had 'fallen in love with Orſini; that the 'Emperor had intereſted himſelf in the 'marriage, and that a regiment had 'been the portion of the general's 'niece!' Every thing was conſiſtent with what he had before ſaid. I no longer doubted the perfidy of Octavius, and, certain of my miſery, in ſpite of all my efforts to diſſemble my affliction,

my

my ſtrength failed me, and I fell, lifeleſs, in the arms of my mother. They carried me away. Returning to myſelf, I found that I was in bed, ſurrounded by my maids, and ſupported by my mother, who embraced me, with many tears.

" The horrid condition of my mind, ſoon brought on a burning fever. It was long and painful: my mother never left me: even my father, during the ſix weeks of my illneſs, diſtinguiſhed me by much tenderneſs, watched over me, called me his daughter, and ſeemed to have reſtored me to his affection. His ſeverity, indeed, had never eſtranged my love, and I was ſo ſenſible of the return of that of my father, that in an interval, when taking my hand, and fixing his eyes upon me, which were full of tears, he inquired how his dear Valeria found herſelf? I could not reſtrain my tranſport, and, throwing my arms

round his neck, I preſſed my face to his, and, weeping at the time, ſaid to him — 'Yes, my father, I am your 'own Valeria. I am your dutiful child, 'and, from this moment, the only wiſh 'of my heart ſhall be to obey you.'

"This word determined my fortune. I had perceived that my father had always intended me for my couſin Heraldi. This relation had our family name, and this name was deciſive with my father. To him it was an eſſential happineſs to ſee his family revive, and to leave all his wealth to a deſcendant from his anceſtors. He ſpoke to me on this ſubject, without aſking — without exacting any thing; but he told me, 'he ſhould 'expire with grief if I did not take pity 'on his weakneſs.' Octavius was married, Octavius was faithleſs! I was incenſed againſt Octavius. To me it ſeemed delightful to be able to love another.

ther. I conſented, and gave him my promiſe. How could I not give it? how could I diſobey my father, who did not command, he only entreated?

"THE preparations for my marriage were made with a celerity of which I did not dare to complain, but which filled me with terror. My mother ſaid nothing — ſhe ſighed, and concealed her tears. My father redoubled his tenderneſs to me. Heraldi loaded me with preſents, and ſpared me any profeſſions of a love to which I could not liſten.— The diſpenſation arrived from Rome, and the contract was ſigned. They dreſſed me, covered me with diamonds, and led me to the altar.

"I PRONOUNCED the formidable vow, without any extravagant emotion: almoſt indifferent to my ſituation; troubling myſelf but little about a fate that could not poſſibly be happy, which, indeed,

deed, I knew was to be ſupported with more or leſs of ſuffering. After maſs I left the choir, ſurrounded by my family, held by the hand of Heraldi, who ſeemed to feel no great deal of joy, when, at the gate of the church, as I advanced to uſe ſome holy-water, lifting my eyes, I ſaw, reſting againſt a pillar, a young man, pale, trembling, his hair and dreſs in great diſorder, his eyes wild and ſtaring, who, regarding me with a fixed countenance, approached and ſaid, in a hollow broken tone, 'I 'wiſhed, Valeria, to ſee you conſum-'mate your enormous crime — I have 'ſeen it — am content, and am about 'to die!'

"SAYING this, he vaniſhed. I fainted, without any recollection. Indeed from that moment I remembered nothing: relapſing into my former illneſs, I experienced ſtill greater and more

ſeeming

ſeeming danger. I was never free from delirium. My diſeaſe made a rapid progreſs; and all that I have ſince learned from my mother is, that after a paroxyſm which continued many hours, I ſunk into an extreme weakneſs, and apparently expired in her arms.

" My mother was likely to follow me! My father was in deſpair. Heraldi wept, but the calamity ſeemed without remedy. I was interred. They carried me, with much funeral pomp, to the ſepulchre of my family, which was in a chapel of our cathedral. There my coffin was placed, along ſome bars of iron: the ſtone of the tomb was replaced, and I was left in this ſcene of death.

" What paſſed afterwards had better be related by Octavius than by me. He has often told it me: — often has he repeated to me, ' that having formed a

' fixed

'fixed purpoſe of going to conceal him-
'ſelf in ſome of the Apennine Deſarts,
'to finiſh his miſerable life, the condi-
'tion in which he had ſeen me, the
'news of my illneſs, repeated every
'where, detained him at Florence.'—
You may very eaſily imagine his diſtrac-
tion when informed of my death: almoſt
wild with deſpair, and conſidering him-
ſelf my murderer, he formed the mad
project of entering my tomb, and killing
himſelf on my coffin. The very even-
ing of my interment, he bribed the
ſexton, and both of them, at midnight,
with a dark lantern, entered the church,
and, removing the ſtone of the vault,
deſcended the ſteps. Soon as Octavius
beheld my bier, he darted forwards, tore
away the linen which concealed my
countenance, and preſſing his mouth to
my pale lips, he did not think he ſhould
want

want the aid of his ſword to put a period to his life.

" MIRACLE of love! miracle which they who have never loved cannot poſſibly believe — the ſoul of my lover revived mine! From my lips, preſſed with ſuch vivacity and tenderneſs by his, made a ſigh eſcape. Octavius perceived this: Octavius, tranſported, uttered a loud cry, ſnatched me from my coffin, and preſſed me to his boſom; mine, from that moment, beat again! I made a ſlight motion. Octavius, tranſported with joy, took me in his arms, aſcended the ſteps, gained the gate of the church, and, without ſtopping a moment, flew to the houſe of his father, where, placing me on a bed, every aſſiſtance was afforded me.

" I AT length opened my eyes: my firſt looks met thoſe of Octavius and his father, with a phyſician, who already anſwered

anſwered for my life. I cannot deſcribe my feelings. I ſeemed to wake from a long dream! I did not think myſelf alive, but I recognized Octavius. I could not ſpeak to him, but I had the delight of ſeeing him. I found myſelf tolerably well, and yet was not certain that I was alive. Three days and three nights hardly reſtored me to myſelf. At the end of this time, the ſleep I enjoyed, without being ſenſible of it, and the nouriſhment I took, without knowing it, gradually reſtored me to my ſenſes. My memory revived. I recollected my mother, my marriage, and the ſpot where I had ſeen my lover. There my ideas were ſuſpended. But I underſtood what he ſaid. I comprehended that I was in the houſe of Octavius — I was ſenſible that it was he who preſſed my hand; and my love, the warmth of which had never

ver left me, every moment brought to me again ſomething I had forgotten.

"I SOON found myſelf in a ſtate to hear and liſten to Octavius, and to learn from his lips all that had happened to me. The idea of his marriage, his perfidy, then preſented itſelf to my diſordered mind. As ſoon as I could at all converſe rationally, I ſpoke to him of his marriage with the niece of general Laudohn. Octavius believed me ſtill in a delirium.—General Laudohn had no niece.

"OCTAVIUS was returned from the army, but he was not a colonel. He had never been at Vienna; but availing himſelf of a leave of abſence, he had obtained with difficulty;—unhappy that for the ſpace of two months I had never written to him, he had travelled night and day, bringing with him a letter from Laudohn, recommending him to the

Grand

Grand Duke. He alighted from his horſe, juſt as I entered the church : he had followed me to the altar, and in his anxiety and grief, was determined, at leaſt, to reproach me for my perjury.

" I THEN learned that Heraldi, probably in concert with my father, had invented this deteſtable falſehood; and that betrayed by the domeſtic in whom I had placed confidence, they had intercepted the letters of my lover. This diſcovery excited in me an averſion for the perfidious Heraldi, with the extremeſt contempt, and indeed, horror, that was invincible. No crime, in my eyes, was equal to the horrible means he had employed, and yet I was the wife of this monſter. I was condemned to live his wife, and to conſecrate my days to him. This afflicting idea again reduced me to deſpair; I lamented my tomb, and once more wiſhed to viſit it.

' My

'My dear child compoſe yourſelf,' ſaid the elder Orſini. 'I am now come 'from the Great Duke: I have myſelf 'carried him the letter from the brave 'Laudohn; and was determined to in-'form him myſelf of all that had hap-'pened. This generous prince heard 'me patiently: he takes you under his 'protection. He has written to the 'holy father to diſſolve your unnatural 'marriage. I doubt not but he will 'ſay you have died for Heraldi,—live 'now for Octavius. Thus religion as 'well as juſtice will defend you againſt 'your tyrants. I have only one favour 'to aſk of you,—it is, that no perſon 'may ſee you, nor be informed of our 'ſecret, till our courier ſhall return from 'Rome. Your peace and happineſs 'depend on this precaution.'

"These words reſtored me to hope. I promiſed the good old man, whom I

now called my father—I even ſwore to obey his advice, and never depart from his houſe. Where, alas! could I be better. Octavius was with me—Octavius ſpoke to me inceſſantly of his love and our union. My health was reſtored—I was happy already—and was about to be more ſo. I ſoon had loſt every trace of my diſeaſe. I found myſelf what I had been in my earlier youth; and I retained of my ſufferings only that paleneſs which you have obſerved in me:—fearful veſtige of the grave, which nothing can remove!

"The time ſoon approached, when the courier was to return from Rome, when a wonderful accident ſeemed to threaten a diſappointment of all our hopes.

"It was the holy week. My pious mother had educated me in thoſe religious principles, which, thanks to heaven,

ven, I have never forgotten. I mourned in ſecret that I could not go to the church on thoſe ſacred days, when penitence appeaſes the juſtice of a merciful Deity. I would not mention to Octavius the neceſſity which my heart felt, of returning thanks in his temple to the God who had preſerved me, but I determined at all events, to fulfil ſo ſacred a duty. I availed myſelf of the only moment, when I accidentally found myſelf alone. I wrapped myſelf in a black veil, through which I could not poſſibly be diſcovered. On Holy Thurſday I left the houſe at nine in the evening, and haſtened towards the cathedral to worſhip our Saviour. The church was full of people, who, in profound ſilence, with hands claſped together, their eyes fixed upon the ground, offered their prayers to the altar on which the Hoſt was placed. This altar alone, was illu-

minated by an immenſe number of flambeaus,—all the reſt of the building was in profound darkneſs. I remained concealed behind a pillar; I addreſſed my prayers to the Saviour of the world, and entreated him to watch over her, who had no hopes but from his pity and almighty power.

"In riſing to go away, I felt a violent deſire to look at the chapel where I had been interred. It was very near, and I accordingly approached it. What did I not ſee!—In the alley which led to the vault, I ſaw and knew my father and mother on their knees at my tomb, and my huſband, Heraldi, in mourning, weeping near my father, who ſeemed abſorbed in the profoundeſt thought. My mother, near the railing which confined the vault, was praying with many tears. I could hardly refrain crying out. I darted involuntarily towards her, and

was

was ſtopped only by the grate. My mother did not hear me; ſhe was too abſorbed. I contemplated her a long time in tears, when ſuddenly I ſaw her ſtoop forwards, take hold of the iron railing to ſupport herſelf, and with great tenderneſs, bend herſelf almoſt to the ground, pronouncing the name of Valeria;—at the ſame time ſhe kiſſed the marble of my tomb. I was no longer miſtreſs of myſelf!——I preſſed her hand to my lips, and mourned aloud!

"By this movement, the veil which covered me, was thrown aſide without my perceiving it. My mother, in aſtoniſhment, raiſed her head, ſaw, and recognized her daughter. She pronounced my name aloud, and reached her arms towards me. My father and huſband alſo, ſaw and remembered me. My father remained motionleſs. Heraldi

advancing, opened the iron door. I would have fled, but the crowd prevented me. Heraldi approached me; he had extended his hand to take hold on me; and I had been loſt, if in this moment love had not inſpired me. 'Forbear!' ſaid I to him in a tone which I made as terrible as I could:—'at leaſt reſpect 'after her death, her whom you deluded 'in her life!—You, alone, cauſed my 'death——Leave me——Lament your 'crime,—and avert the anger of hea-'ven!'——

"Having ſaid this, Heraldi frozen with terror, heard me without daring to ſtir from his place. I concealed myſelf beneath my veil, and with a compoſed ſtep, advanced to the door of the church. The people made way for me—I got out—fled with celerity, and gained the houſe of Octavius, without any perſons preſuming to follow me. The next day

day, in Florence, nothing was talked of but the apparition which had appeared in the cathedral. Nobody could doubt it—a thouſand witneſſes had remembered me. Many added, that having puſhed away the hand of my huſband, who purſued me, my five fingers had left in his clothes,—five marks of fire. Others aſſerted, that Heraldi had deſtroyed me, and I came to demand juſtice.—All accuſed him with a loud voice, of being the murderer of his wife. The people murmured againſt Heraldi, followed him with reproaches, and even threw ſtones at him; his life, indeed, was no longer ſecure.

"HAPPILY the courier returned, bringing from the holy father, a brief which annulled my marriage, as being fraudulently contracted. As ſoon as the Grand Duke received it, he ſent for Orſini, and concerted with him what meaſures

meaſures to purſue, and the very next morning I went to the palace with Octavius and his father. The prince was exceedingly kind to us, condeſcended to converſe with us on our deareſt intereſts; and when he was told that my father and mother, with Heraldi, were come in obedience to his orders, he made us enter a cloſet, where I thus heard him addreſs my father:—

'IT ſeems, Sir, that ſtrange means 'were taken to make your daughter 'marry a perſon whom ſhe could not 'love.——Your repentance is revenge 'enough; and the tears which I ſee in 'your eyes, take from me the power of 'reproaching you. Death has broken 'this ill-fated bond: and if by a mira-'cle, which the people believe, your 'daughter ſhould be reſtored to life, 'this marriage will be null and void.— 'This is the brief of his holineſs, de-

'claring

'claring it to be ſo, and I am about to 'make it publick. Chooſe then, Count 'Heraldi, whether to reſiſt me in a 'matter ſo diſgraceful to you, or to ſign 'a renunciation of your pretended 'rights, and to depart inſtantly for Vi-'enna. My kindneſs will then follow 'you, and you will reſtore tranquillity 'to my capital, which your preſence in-'terrupts.'

"HERALDI was not long in replying: he made his renunciation in the terms dictated by the Grand Duke; when, taking leave of his Imperial highneſs, he that moment left Florence, promiſing never to return.

'BUT this is not all,' ſaid the Grand Duke, addreſſing himſelf to my father, 'your daughter is yet alive!'—A ſhriek from my mother here interrupted him.— 'You will ſee her again,' he continued, 'but your daughter can never be happy

'but

'but as the wife of young Orſini. He 'it was who delivered her from the 'tomb.—She reſides in his houſe.— 'Gratitude, paternal love, and the fame 'of Valeria, all enjoin you to aſſent to 'their union. If my entreaty does not 'weaken claims ſo ſtrong, I entreat 'of you Valeria for Octavius: he de- 'ſerves her, for he has won the eſteem 'and friendſhip of Laudohn. Give 'your conſent to this marriage, I pro- 'miſe you a regiment for your ſon-in- 'law; and for yourſelf, will ſecure a 'ribband of the order of Maria-The- 'reſa.'

"My father replied only with a bow. He conſented to the requeſt of the prince; and my mother, bathed in tears, entreated to ſee her daughter. I could wait no longer: I haſtily opened the door, threw myſelf into the arms of my mother, who, I thought, would have

have died of joy. That of my father was equally lively. He preſſed me to his boſom, entreated me to pardon his faults, and heaped careſſes both on Octavius and the elder Orſini. We all fell at the feet of the Grand Duke, unable to find words to expreſs our gratitude. My marriage was not long delayed; it was ſolemnized in the Grand Duke's palace. From this moment, entirely occupied with pleaſing the huſband I adore,—the venerable Orſini who loves me as his daughter,—my excellent mother who never leaves me,—I ſpend my days tranquilly in the ſweets of friendſhip, gratitude, and love; and I thank heaven, that I was dead for a ſhort time, to live ever afterwards in felicity."

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